October, 1956: The First Issue of *Together*

October, 1958: We Find Reverence in Nature

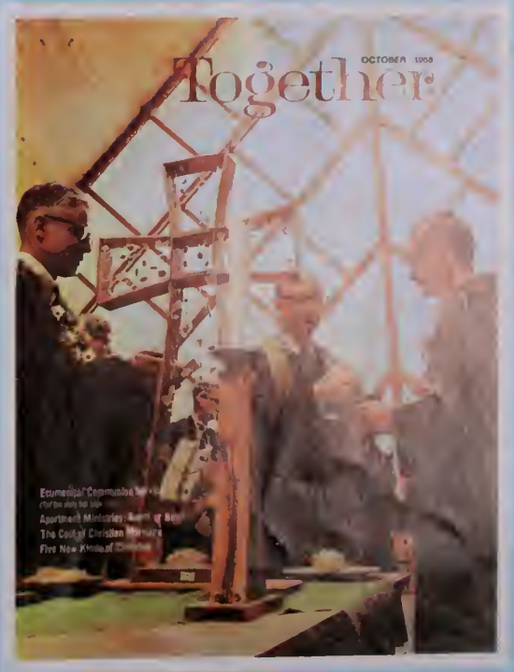
June, 1960: Jedidiah Smith, Methodist Trailblazer

January, 1961: He Ponders the New Year Ahead

December, 1961: A Masterful Nativity by Rembrandt

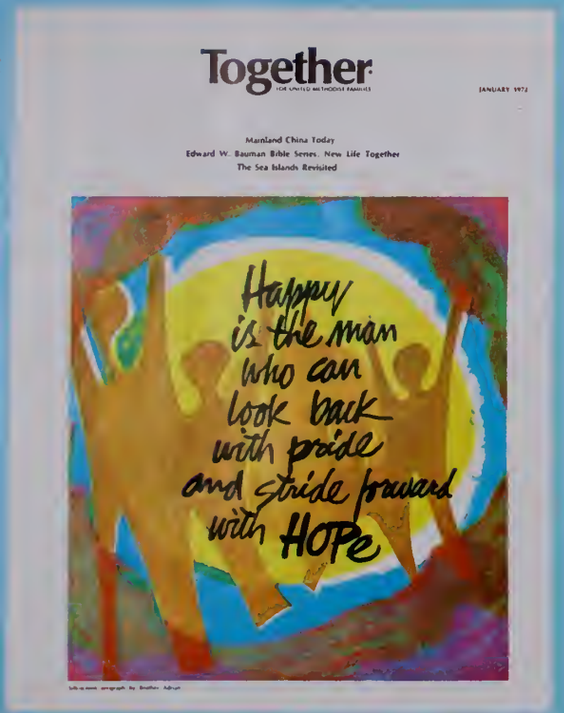
September, 1964: The Bounty of Our Father's World

November, 1965: Under the Red Shield of Mercy



October, 1968: Our Christian Faith in Unity

March, 1969: American Students in India



January, 1972: A Sermon from the 'Now Generation'

17 Years With Together

THE IDEA OF presenting this final issue of *Together* as a Collector's Edition seemed simple at first. What could be easier than putting out a magazine made up chiefly of previously published articles and pictures? A scissors and paste job, it seemed.

Then came the process of deciding which articles and pictures to include. The immensity of the task soon began to come clear and we spent literally weeks on it. Even in 102 pages, we discovered, it is not possible to present more than a few selections from among the hundreds of *Together* pictorials, articles, and covers that were among your favorites during the past 17 years.

What we must say, then, is that the contents of this issue are not offered as "the best of *Together*" since 1956. (Who could define what is "best"?) What we are offering is a variety of material from which we hope you will find a great deal that is interesting, inspiring, and worth reading again and again.

We have our own favorites, of course, though not many could be included. As we turned back through thousands of pages in some 200 issues, we lingered over various full-color features. We were tempted by several of the 16 annual reader-participation pictorials produced from thousands of color transparencies submitted by our large family of photographers. Our choice among longer features, however, went to *Where Is Christ Today?* [pages 55-62], not so much for its pictorial appeal as for its enduring message—a message central to the magazine's Christian perspective through the years.

The covers reproduced in miniature here aren't necessarily the "best" or most appealing either. They tell their own story and were selected for variety of theme from *Together*'s early, middle, and recent years to illustrate the trend of the magazine during times of change. [For a comprehensive review of these years, see Alfred P. Klausler's article beginning on page 10.]

This issue is divided roughly into three sections. With some overlapping, each section is representative of the magazine's approach under the leadership of the men who served during its three eras of publication.

Leafing through our files, we found memories on almost every page; and we seemed to hear again the voices of agreement and dissent, outrage and approval that echoed through the years. We recalled what an elderly minister told us back in 1956:

"You will find that us Methodists stand solidly together—in disagreement!"

We received our share of bouquets, of course. But along with the flowers came the brickbats. This we had expected, and we would have had it no other way, but who could object to the meditative infant whose pensive picture graces the lower right-hand corner of this edition's foldout cover?

Well, a Missouri woman wrote: "With the world full of lovely, sweet babies, *why* did you put that . . . on the cover? . . . He looks exactly like Nikita Khrushchev. I removed the ridiculous thing from the magazine."

Not so critical was an Oregon man who said he was struck by the fact that the baby is "a dead ringer for Dean Rusk. Look at that chin, mouth, and the eyes!"

A naval chaplain: "I submit that this looks like a bishop speaking to a pastoral relations committee: 'So you won't take this preacher back under any circumstances, eh?' "

And so it went. Even the twins and the collie on our first cover—and reappearing in 1961—didn't escape criticism. A minister rebuked us for including the collie, declaring that dogs are big business and "eat better than people in many other countries."

But controversy over a solemn baby and a collie was mild compared to that which erupted with the July, 1957, vacation-season cover which shows a family of four on a beach. The mother and father wear shorts of styles which would be accepted as modest—almost old-fashioned—in 1973.

"One more of these covers and you can cancel our subscription," one reader protested.

"I can't find any scriptural text that advocates a sexy sweater and shorts," wrote another.

"I have been sending my copies to a family in India," still another declared. "I am ashamed to send this issue, unless I tear off the cover."

Two ministers were quick to defend the cover, however. "That took pluck!" one wrote. "It's good to know that you don't see anything immoral about a Christian mother at the beach."

Yes, agreed the other, "prudery and Christianity are not synonymous, though I fear as a church it has taken us a long time to realize this. . . . *Together* shows our folks that Christian living is really a lot of fun, and not a bit old fashioned." In recent years reader reactions to pictures of people in swimsuits or shorts generally have been mild.

Not mild was the reaction of many to a frank 1957 article which permitted a contributor to express her personal opinion about the church's stand on drinking. She was an anguished young housewife whose Sunday-school superintendent had seen her drinking a bottle of beer. Because of this, the woman, a church leader herself, felt she was being ostracized by others. She wondered if the church's "stand on drinking is making a lot of hypocrites of us."

Although her article was printed side by side with a strong one against social drinking by a prominent Methodist physician and temperance lecturer—one of many antidrinking features *Together* would publish through the years—an avalanche of protesting mail followed. Many readers maintained that "this question can't be argued and should not appear in a church magazine."

BUT BY the mid-1960s, as one world crisis followed another, as the moral fabric of the nation seemed to be tearing apart, it became an imperative editorial responsibility to discuss subjects that once were hush-hush even in secular magazines.

"The May [1965] issue is most excellent," wrote a New York minister. "You covered homosexuality, civil rights, the city, the campus, the free-speech movement, the mentally ill, how to be inept in the pulpit, the National Council of Churches. Your reporters showed real understanding in every instance. I like the new look of *Together*."

Not so a Maryland man, outraged by the same issue: "I was deeply shocked. . . . I do not want any future issues of *Together* to come into my house. Kindly cancel my subscription at once."

That's the way it was as the years skittered away like leaves before autumn wind. When some problems and issues faded away, others loomed. And, while we look back across these 17 years with considerable editorial pride, we realize that perhaps every issue of the magazine could have been a bit better. But we are only human—and being human, we occasionally made slips that eagle-eyed readers pounced upon.

One of our editors—a most knowledgeable Bible student—came up with one that is legendary around the office. In an important article he wrote that Jesus was "born in Nazareth"—and this got by several usually alert proofreaders and apparently by most—but not all—of our subscribers.

We learned, and we knew better, that Jesse Stuart is a Kentuckian—not a Tennessean, that there should have been no covered wagons in a superb painting of Bishop Francis Asbury at Cumberland Gap, and that one of our caption writers didn't know the difference between a diesel and a piston engine. (He still doesn't.) The first issue listed the date of John Wesley's death as 1790 instead of 1791; the death of Martin Luther at age 63 instead of 62. Also, the Wesley brothers had auburn hair, according to authorities on Methodist history, not dark hair as we stated in an early issue.

The slips are remembered, of course. Just as vividly, we recall the warm praise from thousands of readers as they joyously accepted a publication unlike any that had ever appeared in church journalism.

But was it really so different after all? Actually *Together*

fell in line with a Methodist tradition that began when John Wesley went out not only to preach but to reach people with the printed word. So *Together,* in its modern, colorful typographical dress, was a 20th-century projection of Wesley's philosophy—and its purpose has been little different from that of the first *Christian Advocate* 147 years ago, then "an entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visitor devoted to the interests of religion, morality . . . and general intelligence . . ."

As Christians we are concerned with all aspects of the world around us. Thus, the magazine has consistently presented a wide range of subject matter. We find articles on the high cost of funerals, on fallout shelters, capital punishment, biblical archaeology, church-related colleges, the effect of TV on children, medicine, race, retirement, conservation.

We visited big churches and little churches, slums, prisons, national parks. We traveled with migrant workers. We visited the Rockies, the Smokies, the Black Hills, and the Ozarks. We went to Las Vegas and the South Seas. We traveled the entire world, even looked at the church behind communist walls.

We sat beside a young mother dying of cancer and heard her say, "I am not afraid." We grieved at the gradual but inevitable passing of the little country church of our childhood. And when we "preached," we preached Christ as the answer to the violence and injustice so rampant in the world of our time. We followed the work of missionaries in far fields. We presented outstanding sermons, articles on sex education and the Christian family. And we reviewed again and again the glorious history of our church.

"The wide range of topics which *Together* has been able to bring under its big tent has been a matter of some amazement to me," wrote Ben Hibbs, the noted editor, on the magazine's fifth birthday. "Perhaps this means that there are more good things in life than one thinks."

In miniature, then, this issue brings under its "tent" a comparatively wide range of topics. No doubt you will miss, as we do, some favorite article, pictorial, or cover. For example, we treasure (as most readers do) the cover picture of a little boy and a baby chick for which we still receive requests. It inspired a Seattle woman to write a poem. We particularly liked another cover—the prose masterpiece by Max Ehrmann, *Desiderata,* which some readers framed for home or office wall. We wanted to include one of our most popular and unusual pictorials, *The Twelve Disciples,* by Suné Richards, an artist-photographer whose subjects were living men. But our decision, finally, was that space in this issue is too limited to devote 12 pages to any one feature. [An example of Mrs. Richards's work, however, is on page 46 with an article by the late W. F. Albright, *John the Baptist—Today.*]

January, 1974: With the New Year, a New Magazine

Together is now history. The first issue of its successor, *United Methodists Today,* will appear next month. We believe the new magazine in its 1974 dress will be welcomed as enthusiastically as the first issue of *Together* in days long gone.

This special edition is only a sampling of what *Together* has been, of what it has tried to do. We hope that you will find something in its pages that will please you, something to spark your interest, inspire you, or tell you some things you did not know—or had forgotten—about your church and the millions of persons who call themselves United Methodists today. —*Your Editors*

TOGETHER **November-December 1973**
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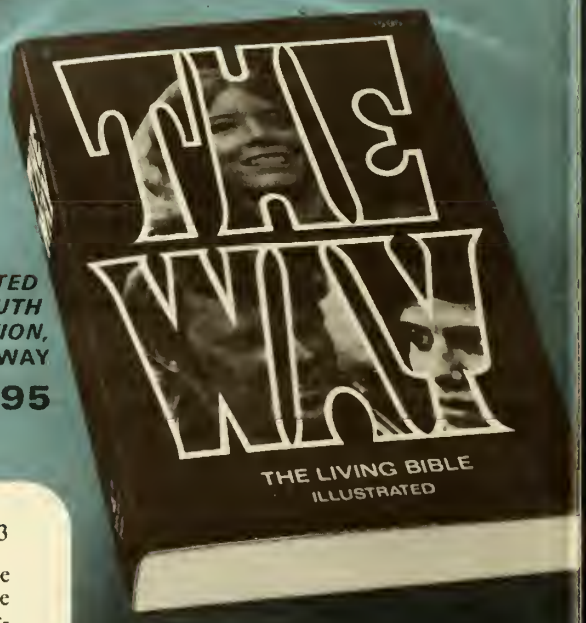

Scripture selected from *The Living Bible*

Characteristics of love — 1 CORINTHIANS 13

[8]All the special gifts and powers from God will someday come to an end, but love goes on forever. Someday prophecy, and speaking in unknown languages, and special knowledge—these gifts will disappear. [9]Now we know so little, even with our special gifts, and the preaching of those most gifted is still so poor. [10]But when we have been made perfect and complete, then the need for these inadequate special gifts will come to an end, and they will disappear.

[11]It's like this: when I was a child I spoke and thought and reasoned as a child does. But when I ish things. [12]In the same way, we can see and understand only a little about God now, as if we were peering at his reflection in a poor mirror; but someday we are going to see him in his completeness, face to face. Now all that I know is hazy and blurred, but then I will see everything clearly, just as clearly as God sees into my heart right now.

[13]There are three things that remain—faith, hope, and love—and the greatest of these is love.

14 LET LOVE BE your greatest aim; nevertheless, ask also for the special abilities the Holy Spirit

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NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1973

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George P. Miller—**October, 1964**

Churches Serving People...

A church, ideally, stands where it is needed; but for decades people have been on the move from rural areas to small towns, from small towns to large cities, from the cities to suburbia. No longer does the small rural church, once the backbone of Methodism, play the role it once had—that of serving people.

No matter how nostalgic we may feel, the fact is that thousands of small country churches have died; hundreds more will be closed and abandoned.

"Forty percent of our churches (more than 15,000 of them) have fewer than 100 members each," wrote Earl D. C. Brewer, professor of sociology, Candler School of Theology, Emory

George P. Miller—**November, 1964**

George P. Miller—**October, 1968**

University, in the September, 1967, issue of *Together*. Dr. Brewer pointed out that these 15,000 churches claim only 8 percent of our membership.

As editors we have recorded with interest the new kinds of churches that have come into existence as Methodism continues to go where it is needed. We have pictured the architectural splendors of the big churches in prosperous suburban areas; we have gone to those pressure points of society where some Christians are less concerned with *building* churches than with *being* the church. We recall the storefront church in Savannah, Ga. (left), as well as the bright new sanctuary of St. Stephen United Methodist Church, Mesquite, Texas (above).

We noted that an apartment church in Milwaukee, a coffeehouse in Atlanta, a house in New York City, a marketplace ministry in Virginia—all these and more—are doing what the small country church of fond memory once did. Again, in new places, the church is serving people.

Just the same, we were pleased to point out that reverent gatherings like this one at a little church near Buckhannon, W.Va., (right) are still a part of The United Methodist Church.

eorge P. Miller—**October, 1963**

The Together Years: 1956-73

Where We Have Been

By Alfred Paul Klausler

Where have we been as a church and as a nation since 1956? What role has this magazine played in relation to events of the times? For a view that is more detached than we ourselves could manage we called on a well-respected journalist who is executive secretary of the Associated Church Press. Alfred P. Klausler is also a religious commentator for Westinghouse Broadcasting Company and regularly writes year-end summaries on religion for the *Britannica Book of the Year*. He is a Lutheran minister who served as an army chaplain in World War II.
—Your Editors

The author

SOMETHING of a drunkard's euphoria pervaded the America of the late 1950s. The glitter of chrome and neon lights blinded most Americans to any ugliness hiding behind the nearest billboard.

True, the Korean War of the early fifties remained an unpleasant memory. The specter of potential nuclear disaster haunted thoughtful Americans, as did John Foster Dulles's brinkmanship.

There was always the fear of atheistic communism, exacerbated by Sen. Joseph McCarthy. Under his bludgeoning, Americans were told that Communists had infiltrated the most sensitive governmental areas—and many believed him. His blustering quickly faded after a Senate censure, but it was an unpleasant reminder of what happens when hysteria rides the whirlwind.

There were some other unpleasantnesses. A violent but brief rebellion by the Hungarians against the occupying Russians brought cruel reprisals. (*Together* later had several articles on the plight of Hungarian refugees.) The Algerian rebellion which drove out the French was savage. There were unmentionable atrocities committed on both sides.

Despite all this, Americans were enjoying new levels of prosperity. The gross national product soared each year, and the gross national income reached fantastic heights. Sorrows, concerns, and worries about the past and future were smothered by the feeling that a golden age had arrived. This was the time when the nation rolled along (5 million passenger cars built in 1957; over 5.5 million in 1959) under the genial father figure of President Dwight D. Eisenhower, whose preoccupation with golf brought reassurance to millions that the nation was in good hands.

And yet there was an uneasiness beneath the surface, much as though unseen skeletons were present at a wedding feast.

The issues of the first volume of *Together* (1956-57) reflected the paradox. A letter in the first issue (October, 1956) saluted the magazine because here would be a periodical expressing "the deepest mood of Christian fellowship." The editor confidently predicted the initial half-million subscribers would soon be joined by another half million.

President Eisenhower meets the Methodist bishops

Mutuality among Christians was a truly happy idea in a world where there was ugliness, as Norman Cousins's dramatic account of the Hiroshima Maidens in *Together*'s first issue demonstrated. In other early issues there were occasional reminders that life in the nation or the church was not all that glorious, but there were objections when too much nastiness was exposed. One book review castigated Nelson Algren's novel, *A Walk on the Wild Side*, because the reviewer felt it wasn't really that necessary to dwell on life's seamier aspects.

An interview with Norman Rockwell, illustrator of America the beautiful, received full-dress treatment to the applause of happy readers. A counteracting irritant to that feature was an article asking, *Should the United Nations Admit Red China?* And editorial comments and brief news items pointed to racial troubles to come as demonstrated by a report of vicious attacks on a Methodist clergyman who had encouraged racial integration of his church in Chicago's South Deering area. Not everyone could be satisfied. A letter from a reader complained that while *Together* was pretty and interesting, it should show more social concern.

Little girl's world

A photo invitational, based on the theme of *America the Beautiful*, encouraged photographers to catch the glories and promise (presumably no tragedies or failures) of the country.

The editors may have felt that *Together* reflected too bland an image of life in the world. Thus in February, 1958, there was a no-holds-barred report from visiting Australian clergyman Alan Walker on his American observations. Dr. Walker found the absence of adolescents at worship "startling," and he noted the sparseness of the working class and the lower economic groups in American church services and membership. He viewed the decaying cities and the lemming-like flow of whites to the suburbs as facts which needed to be dealt with before it was too late. Although his proposed cures were not as dramatic as his descriptions of the malaise affecting the church, his total assessment must age reader as the unbidden guest have been as welcome to the aver- at the wedding feast.

Countering the Walker gloom a few months later was a portfolio of photographs in gleaming colors which depicted American family scenes. An interview with Frank Lloyd Wright offered an eloquent farewell to traditional Gothic church structures. The famous architect said it was time for church building committees to reexamine the purpose of the structures they planned.

The death of John Foster Dulles in May, 1959, may have signaled for some the end of America's messianic urge to police the world for the betterment of all. But Dulles left a foreign-policy legacy which would result in tragic developments.

Few could have forecast, at the death of Pope Pius XII on October 9, 1958, that an end had come to a kind of Roman Catholicism which long had antagonized Protestants. With the election of Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli to the papacy as Pope John XXIII, a startling series of events began in the life of the organized church. This pope's words and presence affected all of Christendom, and it was as though all the hopes and troubles of Christianity focused on him.

What was happening to religion in the fifties presaged later developments which would dismay the faithful and ultimately affect the economics of religious publishing. In May, 1957, *Together* asked, *Is the Churchgoing Boom Real?* (It had its doubts.) The fifties were marked by an upsurge in piety. Going to church and being a church member had become culturally acceptable. In 1920, 43 percent of Americans had claimed church membership. By 1956, 62 percent said they belonged to a church. This was surely an astounding growth. Protestants, Catholics, and Jews alike rejoiced loudly.

Still, a number of ecclesiastical Cassandras remained unimpressed. They pointed out that hucksters had taken over religion and were purveying it much as Madison Avenue sold deodorants. By 1957, according to these observers, America's new

Pope John XXIII

piety was fading, and Billy Graham's Madison Square Garden rally in 1957 was the apotheosis of a religion which demanded personal repentance but which had little concern for social ills. Theologian Reinhold Niebuhr lamented that "our religiosity seems to have little to do with the Christian faith." Church historian Martin E. Marty said that most Americans revered a God who was understandable, manageable, and comforting. The God of the late fifties was an American jolly good fellow with whom one maintained a comfortable familiarity. This new piety had few lasting qualities, and its theological depth was minimal.

Conformity had become the true god and, as it generally does, it brought material well-being. While church membership rolls had shown increases, though, many Christians had moments of unease when they read about, or saw, evidences of continued racial discrimination, poor housing, inadequate diets. The few clergymen who dared share their unease with parishioners quickly found that this was the road to discomfort. To some churchmen it was quite evident that God had been removed as a point of reference, even though there were the usual genuflections in his direction.

Although Methodists in 1956 were building churches at the rate of $1 million per day (Presbyterians, Lutherans, Baptists were similarly preoccupied), foxes were gnawing at the roots of the vine. It would be a matter of time before the leaves withered; but as the fifties faded out, there was a feeling, difficult to communicate, that all was not well with the body politic, with the church, and with the kind of life most Americans were leading.

Together expressed both optimism

and pessimism. There was lamentation about the silence of the youth generation though one college student wrote to the editor that a minority did too talk—it was just that no one listened. It was time for the church to tune in, he insisted. Optimism showed up in *Together*'s November, 1959, issue which observed that Methodists were growing at the rate of 126,000 a year and, if this annual growth of 1.1 percent kept up, there would be 12,357,192 Methodists in 1984, then 25 years away. On the other hand, there was still the nagging worry that Methodists were too exclusively white-collar middle class and that the lower income groups weren't exactly flocking to join them.

As if to place a seal on the fifties, *Together*'s December, 1959, issue featured a two-page spread of Pablo Picasso's *Guernica*, a painting which wrote an epitaph for the decade that had seen the Korean War, the Hungarian revolt, and the ending of the bitter Vietnamese quarrel between the north and south. The French had left Viet Nam, and it was up to the Vietnamese to settle their differences. The United States, the People's Republic of China, and Soviet Russia were to keep a watchful eye on Indochina.

The world had survived the fifties without a nuclear holocaust, but there were other nagging worries, foreign and domestic, which would carry over into the sixties. There was the increasingly strong possibility that a Roman Catholic would gain a presidential nomination, and Protestants began the painful process of reexamining their traditional attitudes toward Catholicism and the presidency. *Together* quoted Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord as saying that the issue was not John F. Kennedy's Catholicism but that it was "what he stands for."

Mushroom cloud

For a few rhapsodic moments, as calendars indicated the arrival of 1960, there were hopes that the new decade would surely be the Soaring Sixties. Two more states had been admitted to the union, and there was nothing to prevent America from reaching new heights. True, fretting over Soviet Russia's launching of *Sputnik* continued. Americans wondered uneasily if this nation could ever match that achievement. But this was a tiny cloud, and Eisenhower was planning a trip to Moscow to repay Khrushchev's visit.

Then came an incident which suddenly shattered the old American confidence. Francis Gary Powers, flying his U-2 plane over Russia, was shot down. Moscow gleefully announced his capture. President Eisenhower first denied any knowledge of the spying mission, then finally confessed that he had known. It was hard to measure the shock which most Americans must have felt when they discovered that godless Moscow had been telling the truth while Washington had lied. Here was the first tiny fissure of the credibility gap which later would widen into a huge chasm with the Pentagon Papers and the Watergate scandals.

When John F. Kennedy was elected president that November, 1960, he had effectively answered Protestant concerns. Americans sat back to await developments. There was no doubt that the youthful president was injecting a new spirit into the nation. There was a determination to go forward—in space, in the defense of free peoples (although we did not realize the implications), in helping the world's unfortunates (the Peace Corps, for instance), and in fostering excellence in the arts. It had been ten years since the Korean War had started; the centennial of the Civil War would soon be observed; and Americans knew by this time, if our leaders were to be believed, the nation must remain strong. *Together*'s January, 1961, issue reported that the Methodist Council of Bishops had sent the newly elected president the council's best wishes.

Certainly within The Methodist Church there was a sense of well-being. *Together* reported that in 1960 U.S. churches had spent $1,045 million on new construction, and in 1961 this figure would jump another $30 million. Many of the new buildings included play and recreation units, streamlined kitchens, and air conditioning. J. Edgar Hoover also added to this sense of well-being by praising the loyalty of American clergymen. In his words, they were among "the most consistent and vigorous opponents of communism."

As the sixties began to unroll, they brought seemingly inexplicable tragedies. The death of UN Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld in Northern Rhodesia as he was on a peace-seeking mission in the Congo cast a pall. There were continuing refugee problems in Africa and the Middle East. While we rejoiced over the sub-orbital flight of America's first man in space, the Communists began barricading the border between East and West Germany. The United States responded with a troop build-up. Our nerves became even more on edge in 1962 when we learned that Soviet Russia had placed missile launching pads in Cuba.

On February 20, 1962, John Glenn orbited the earth and returned to national acclaim. Nineteen sixty-two also was the year when the "caretaker pope," John XXIII, convened his cardinals and bishops for a council which was to bring the Roman

Pablo Picasso's *Guernica* (1937, May-early June); oil on canvas, 11′ 5½″ x 25′ 5¾″. Extended loan to The Museum of Modern Art, New York, from the artist.

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Catholic Church up to date. The spirit of *aggiornamento*, letting the fresh winds of the 20th century waft through the Roman church, reflected John's determination to decentralize its vast bulk and acquaint it with the spirit of ecumenism. When the first session ended December 8, it was evident that the old images of Rome had been smashed. A feeling of brotherliness between all Christians became more and more evident despite the grumblings of Protestant and Catholic traditionalists.

The presidential motorcade in Dallas, Texas, November 22, 1963, began like all motorcades. It was the last for President John F. Kennedy. An assassin's bullets shattered not only the president's skull but also America's bright dreams for the future. As the world mourned the death of a president who had been bringing hope to depressed people everywhere, America's blacks seemed to lose some of the momentum in their drive for equality. The dramatic March on Washington for jobs and equality that had taken place on August 28, 1963, was almost forgotten in the period of mourning, as was the eloquence of Martin Luther King, Jr., and the heroism of Rosa Parks who had refused a back seat in an Alabama bus.

If the fifties had rejected social problems and political apathy had been the hallmark of youth and adult, the sixties soon showed a startling difference. In the fifties, youth's bible was J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*, a devastating attack on adult phoniness. But in the sixties, Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* came to epitomize for youth the complete stupidity of the adult world.

In a whirlwind of action a new president propelled through Congress a series of measures including the Civil Rights Act of 1964, giving Negroes legal recognition of all their demands. The Office of Economic Opportunity was established; poverty was to be ended. And when Lyndon B. Johnson ran for the presidency in his own right in 1964, there were hopes that just possibly a new era might be on the way. At least that was what he promised. But as eloquent as his words were, the cycle of poverty for minority elements was not broken.

President Kennedy's funeral

The overtone of troubled times was growing louder, and there were indications of more national difficulties to come. The Viet Nam problem simply would not disappear. The U.S. was involved, dangerously so, though the president kept reassuring the electorate that nothing drastic would be undertaken.

As the World's Fair opened in New York in April, 1964, some Americans felt that this might be the nation's last hurrah of glory. It was apparent that its problems were growing more serious. The May, 1964, issue of *Together* carried a stirring ukase to readers, *A Mandate to Meddle*, which called upon Methodists to be unashamed over their social involvement in society's troubles. The September, 1964, issue had a denunciation by William Stringfellow of the churches of American white society. They had, he wrote, "largely forfeited any claim to leadership in the relations between the races."

Events of 1964 were interwoven with events of 1965: the Gulf of Tonkin episode in August, 1964, when North Vietnamese torpedo boats allegedly attacked a U.S. destroyer; the United States retaliation by bombing; the defense secretary's announcement in April, 1965, that the war in Viet Nam would be accelerated; the protest march from Selma to Montgomery, Ala., on March 21, 1965; the Watts riot that summer; and in August, 1965, Martin Luther King, Jr.'s appeal for an end to our involvement in Viet Nam —for which he was denounced.

As one studies the sequence of events through the sixties, they descend inescapably into moral decay and irresponsibility on the part of public officials. When first a vocal minority accused the government of systematic lying, diplomatic deception, and military deceit, these protesters were branded as kooks, deviates, and Communists. It would be some years later before the Pentagon Papers would dramatically reveal programmed lying centering in the White House.

In its June, 1966, issue *Together* reported news on the First National Interreligious Conference on Peace which had met that spring to urge a halt to the bombings in Viet Nam, an exploration of all avenues of negotiation, and opportunities for the Vietnamese to settle their own differences. Washington paid little attention to voices of concern and protest, and the war in Southeast Asia continued to expand. By the time 1965 ended 1,404 American servicemen had been killed in Viet Nam, and there were 185,000 U.S.

Grape strikers

troops stationed in that unhappy land. Even as there were violent deaths in faraway Viet Nam, so in the America of 1965 civil-rights workers Viola Liuzzo and the Rev. James J. Reeb were murdered.

Nineteen sixty-six was *Together*'s tenth anniversary year, and its various issues that year gave evidence of the mounting concern over the erosion of faith and the church's relegation to a "religious corner." Troubles afflicting the social order also were afflicting the church. One hopeful sign was the talks between the Evangelical United Brethren Church and Methodists projecting a union of the two denominations by 1968.

As 1966 blurred into 1967, the Great Society envisioned by President Johnson faded into a distant dream. In his words, Viet Nam had

South Viet Nam

now become a "bitter and brutal struggle." It was also a struggle at home, especially with America's youth who questioned all aspects of America's involvement. *Together*'s March, 1967, issue featured the Rev. Robert McAfee Brown's analysis of *Those Revolting Students*. Dr. Brown pointed out that there were good reasons for the proliferation of vociferous, raucous students—they were rebelling against the increased depersonalization of society, adult inconsistency, the phoniness of the adult world, and a cruel war. The drug and hippie culture was bursting into full bloom. Permissive attitudes toward sex were common. But even so, Dr. Brown counseled adults not to write off youth as "Commies, kooks, and perverts."

There were now 470,000 troops in Viet Nam. Casualties were mounting. Search and destroy missions were the order of the day. *Together*'s July, 1967, issue carried *Viet Nam: Unanswered Moral Questions,* in

Methodists and EUBs unite

which the entire brutal conflict was aired—the use of napalm and fragmentation bombs, the destruction of villages, the brutalization of prisoners. The point of the article was the editors' anguished cry that a nation cannot remain a moral nation if it follows immoral policies.

The White House and the Pentagon continued to pay little attention to the cries of distressed citizens. The crescendo of violence rose abroad and at home. Martin Luther King, Jr., was murdered in April, 1968, and before the nation could recover from that horror, Sen. Robert F. Kennedy was murdered in June. President Johnson stayed away from the Democratic convention in Chicago, but even so, violent protests to his war policies set off massive demonstrations there.

And what was going on in the churches? *Together* reported that in 1957, 69 percent of the American population thought that religion was *in*creasing its influence. Ten years later, 67 percent said religion's influence was *de*creasing and, by 1969, that figure was a depressing 70 percent. Church membership had also declined in 1968 by 1.2 percent.

These were troubled times for the churches, though there was rejoicing over the officially constituted United Methodist Church as one indication of positive church activity. But the crisis in all of American life—the campus uproars, the collapse of the inner city, increasing revelations of brutality by American troops (My Lai happened in 1968 but was hidden for a year of so), and the growing credibility gap in government—affected the churches also. Now there was increasing reportage about new kinds of churches—house churches, storefront churches, underground churches. Often seminarians were in the forefront in demonstrations against the war and in burning their

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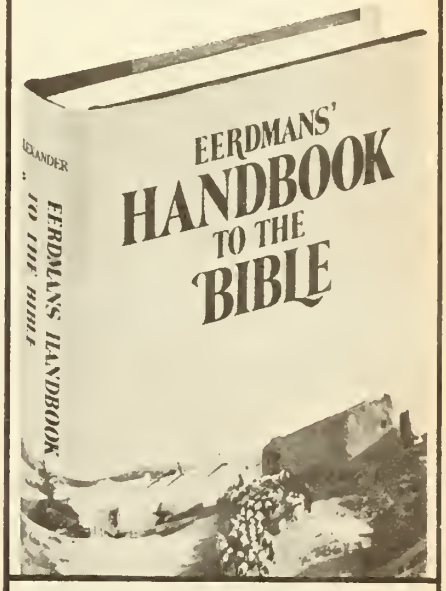

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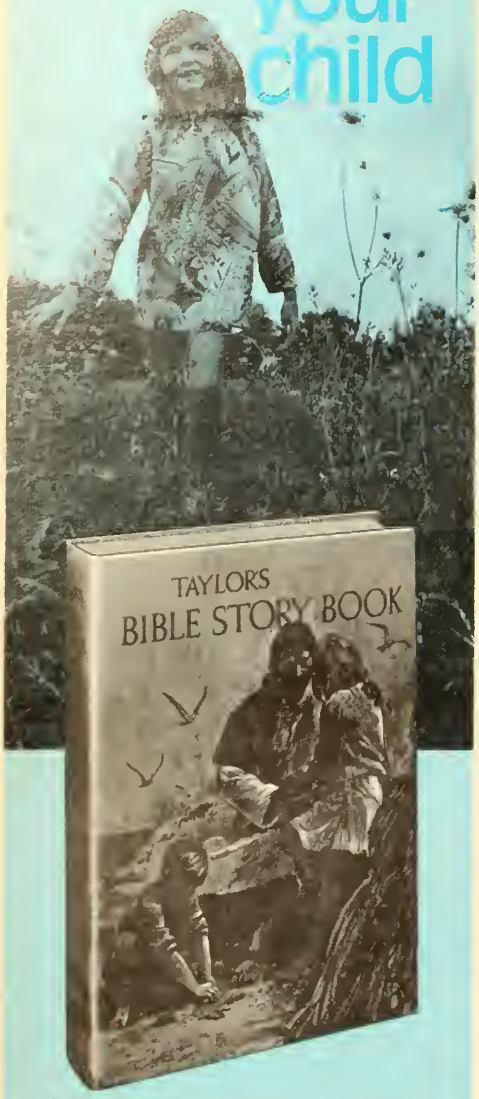

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draft cards. One *Together* reader complained: "My church shows a left-wing political trend."

Laity and clergy were frequently at odds, also, over the "death of God" theology which surfaced during these years, and many worried that the churches would collapse completely.

This notion was sharpened in 1969 by the startling demands of the Black Manifesto, which asked for one billion dollars from America's white churches. Concerned Christians agreed that terrible injustices had indeed been visited upon black people in past generations and redress was needed, but how justice could be satisfied was not successfully answered. Men landed twice on the moon in 1969, but no one had the solution for the festering sores of poverty, racial hatreds, Viet Nam, and an ecologically disturbed planet.

On April 20, 1970, President Richard M. Nixon announced the withdrawal of 150,000 troops from Viet

Martin Luther King, Jr.

Nam, and the war was—on the surface—winding down. Then on April 30 the President announced the invasion of Cambodia, and 31,000 troops were sent into that country. It was then that the festering boil of unhappiness over the war and all its evils exploded—chiefly on America's campuses. Youth denounced the President, and the President in turn called the protesters "these bums . . . blowing up the campuses . . . burning up the books."

On Monday, May 4, at Kent State University, a unit of the Ohio National Guard fired point-blank at a group of demonstrating students. Four students were killed and nine were wounded. Across the nation 448 colleges and universities closed rather than face indignant students and faculties. The repudiation of all those old American values—mom, apple pie, church on Sunday morning—now had become complete.

Death at Kent State

Church membership was showing a small gain, but church attendance had dropped to 42 percent, and 75 percent of Americans thought that religion was losing its influence. Church construction was dropping, but 1970 saw the first draft of a plan for the Church of Christ Uniting, a proposed 25-million-member church body made up of nine denominations. Although the planners were enthusiastic, some younger churchmen felt that COCU was simply a plan to reform archaic structures.

In 1971 mainstream churches reached a growth standstill with a total of 128,505,084 members out of a population of 200 million plus. United Methodists reported a membership loss of 162,576, though fiscal contributions showed a $23 million increase over 1970. Many people were wondering if it weren't true as seminary professor Gibson Winter said: "The attempt to perpetuate the local parish or congregation as a basic unit of the Christian church is doomed to failure." Jazz vespers, rock music, multimedia worship services, Indian sitar music, and liturgical dance seemed a frenetic effort by the churches to be relevant.

Two phenomena far on the periphery of the organized church demonstrated that God was not dead—the rise of the Jesus People and the charismatic movement. The latter exploded within some of the more staid churches but then quickly crossed all denominational lines. The Jesus People were led by young people who wanted to return to the simplicity of the gospel. Some established communes and others worked within the organized church, which often looked rather askance at their exuberance.

During all these years *Together* reflected the religious and secular scene. Its initial half-million sub-

scribers grew to 981,000 in 1959, but then a downward drift set in. *Together* was not alone in battling circulation problems. Protestant and Catholic periodicals alike suffered from the disinterest which was affecting the churches. Readers complained that religious editors aired too many unhappy aspects of life. Besides, church members seemed to be weary of decisions made by national councils or hierarchies, and one way they could express resentment was to cancel or not renew their subscriptions to denominational publications. Whatever the cause, religious journalism faced almost insurmountable problems, and editors frantically tried new approaches and new methods to halt circulation drops.

The troubling fact, as the seventies drifted on, was that somehow, some way, there needed to be communication among church members. Clearly, the print media remained the best way until the marvels of electronic communications had been more fully developed and more widely used.

Together has survived for 17 years. This is not as long as *Life, Look, Collier's,* and *The Saturday Evening Post.* But *Together* has stayed alive when foundations were crumbling and the nation was groaning through some of the most cataclysmic events it has experienced since the Civil War. In Viet Nam almost 50,000 servicemen have been killed, hospitals have been bombed, civilians have been massacred. At home we have seen the rise of a drug culture and the rebellion of youth. Thus, *Together*'s 200 issues are a reminder of the church's triumphs and failures in the midst of a society that didn't really care much about the church.

We don't know what the future will bring, but in whatever reincarnation *Together* appears, its editors are sure to be facing challenges that are just as rugged as the challenges of the past. □

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Together: 1956-63

The Early Years

By Herman B. Teeter, Associate Editor, *Together*

AT LUNCH one day in the late 1950s, a new staff member asked some of us what he could expect from his boss, the founding editor of *Together*.

"Well," an associate editor said, "if you put Leland Case on an uncharted jungle island at midnight, he would discover a Methodist connection before dawn."

"And by noon," another added, "he would have filled a notebook with ideas for articles."

"Then, before the day was over, a dozen islanders—none knowing the difference between a cowboy and a totem pole—would have joined The Westerners" [an organization Mr. Case co-founded in the 1940s].

Ridiculous? Of course. But there was truth enough in the fun we were having to highlight the personality, inexhaustible enthusiasm, character, and editorial skill of Leland Davidson Case.

A tall, long-striding, soft-spoken South Dakotan with silvery hair and artistic hands, he was "drafted" in 1955 to produce a colorful new family magazine to supplant *Christian Advocate*, Methodism's church-wide publication founded in 1826. In accepting the assignment, he had planned to serve as consultant or briefly as editor-in-absentia. For several months he did work on plans for the new magazine in his adobe office near his home on the outskirts of Tucson, Ariz., a climate much kinder to his sinuses than that of Chicago. What emerged in October, 1956, was, according to *Time*, "one of the most ambitious ventures in the history of church publishing . . ."

It was unlike Leland Case to stay out of the middle of things, however, and he would actively edit the magazine in Chicago from 1956 to late 1963, when he became consultant until his retirement in 1965.

From the first issue, *Together* smacked of the editor's long experience as a newspaperman and his almost 20 years as editor of *The Rotarian*. Backing up its appealing covers, color pictorials, and slick paper were contributions from many "name" writers in religion, fiction, politics, world events, art, and the humanities—many of whom he had cultivated during his years on *The Rotarian*. But the heart of the magazine was the reader.

"It is our aim," he said, "to give outlet and expression to strata of Methodist people who heretofore have been voiceless. Through symposia and letters and such reader-made features as pictorials, it becomes possible to engender and to nurture a new feeling of belonging and participation. Thus the average Methodist—he who sustains his local church with his money, his time, and his prayers—acquires a new voice."

Readers reacted at once. The first reader-participation pictorial—*America the Beautiful*—drew 12,000

color transparencies. Children answered a call for crayon drawings with 1,800 entries.

The Christian religion and The Methodist Church were essentially what *Together* was—and is—all about. But Leland Case believed also that *Together* should be concerned with man and his entire environment.

In the man himself, one thought he discerned a certain shyness often found in the very bold. He had an iron-willed, sometimes demanding persistence in the pursuit of editorial goals; he insisted on high standards of professional excellence; he set his sights on targets which, in his secret heart, he may have believed we'd never hit dead center.

Some believed he "manufactured" work, for he seemed happiest when there was great busyness around him. There were frequent differences of opinion between the editor and some of his writers, but Leland Case had his way about as often as a big-league baseball umpire. Even his close friend, Art Editor Floyd A. Johnson, a talented and usually easy-going artist with many years of experience in his own right, sometimes found him exasperating. Floyd, who was responsible for layouts of type and pictures, occasionally had to labor over six or seven samples before the editor would give his final approval. Now and then the veteran artist and the veteran editor couldn't see eye to eye. Then a figurative door slammed, and the frustrated Floyd would arrive at home in something of a huff.

Almost invariably when this happened, Floyd's phone would ring. It would be Leland D. Case, the great conciliator, calling.

"I could be mad as a wet hen one minute," Floyd says, "and the next I'd be walking ten feet in the air."

A dedicated churchman himself, Floyd left his stamp on virtually every page of the magazine from 1956 to his retirement in 1967. Scores of his paintings appeared on covers and in special pictorials and did much to set the tone of the magazine's early years.

Leland Case was a writer of letters and memos; they poured from his office in torrents, many the result of long nights and weekends at his desk. He loved to play with words; he was forever seeking new ways of saying the same old thing. He spiced his letters, memos, and conversation with a few favorite Latin, French, and Spanish expressions; and if in his writing he overused any punctuation mark, it was the exclamation point. They popped up in his writing with regularity, symbolizing his boundless enthusiasm for what he had to say.

He had much to say in those days when he held forth in The Methodist Publishing House building on Rush Street in Chicago. Churchly visitors there were startled to find that the staid old structure had become surrounded by one of the city's hottest night spots, and the flashing neons along the street were in marked contrast to the third-floor corner office where the editor of *Together* worked alone far into the night.

Mostly, it would seem, he was burying himself in Methodist lore while the pleasure-seekers milled around outside. The editor kept a continuous historic documentary on The Methodist Church running on instant replay through his mind. He was as much a historian—and history teacher—as he was an editor; he earnestly aspired to teach Methodists their heritage. The first 14 issues of *Together,* for example, contained eight articles and pictorials on John Wesley, the founder of Methodism; six on his brother Charles; one on their mother, Susanna.

Then he "discovered" Capt. Thomas Webb, the (in his own words) "brave old red-coated loyalist and practical man of affairs . . . who felled the first trees to build an American church where more than 10 million people worship today."

Eight years after his retirement

from *Together*, he still wants Methodism to know that Thomas Webb was its number one layman, and he steadfastly insists that the old soldier hasn't received the recognition he deserves.

He commissioned various artists, including Floyd Johnson, to re-create the significant scenes from the Methodist past; he and his research staff dug deep to give historic color paintings their authenticity.

"It's all-important for the sake of accuracy," he memoed in regard to a painting of Captain Webb, "that we be correct on costume details. And these hang on the regiment to which he belonged . . . What were the military boots of the day? Would they have buttons on the side like gaiters? . . . Also check stirrups and bridles—which should be of the types used in Revolutionary days."

But *Together*, under the editorship of Leland D. Case, was not just a history magazine. Actually, only a very small part of material published was historic; but what he did in the genre may in the future be recognized as his most important contribution to Methodistica. He did it better and in a more appealing, readable, and authentic way than it had ever been done before.

Together was a contemporary inspirational magazine, chock-full of articles and pictorials on youth, marriage, world peace, space exploration, missions, moral problems, nature, sports, and the problems of everyday people. He was concerned about the plight of the American Indian, and he had a sort of editorial hang-up on dogs and children.

"Would you ask the artist what kind of dog he's painting?" he queried. "We just have to have a dog in the picture, but couldn't we have a better looking mutt?" It was hardly surprising that the cover of the first issue presented twin girls and a collie. For a number of years, every January cover was devoted to a New Year's baby, with other children scattered through following months.

Although he had become nationally known as an editor before he took on the job of founding Methodism's "bold new venture in church journalism" at age 55, he often

Leland D. Case, *Together's* first editor.

pointed out that he preferred not to be a "limelighter." In getting jobs done, he said, "I've tried to heed the advice from a friend long ago: 'You'd be surprised how much will be done if nobody cares who gets the credit.' "

During his editorship, *Together* won many awards for editorial and typographical excellence; and the editor himself was the recipient of merit awards and Litt.D. degrees from several colleges and universities. He recognized his doctorates as honorary and smilingly cautioned his colleagues: "Don't ever call me Dr. Case!" He had spent most of his first 26 years in academe, and his interest in education—particularly Methodist related—is reflected in almost every issue he edited.

Behind his large desk, groaning with papers and manuscripts, he could—and would—talk for hours about the magazine. It was the teacher in him that led to long lectures on the "how and why" of *Together*. When the work was done on one issue (and proceeding on four or five issues ahead), he went over the latest copy with a critical eye, passing it around to staff members with his scrawled, barely readable comments on articles, type, layouts, and pictures.

And so it went with the South Dakota Methodist preacher's kid, reporter, editor, antiquarian, organizer of special groups, espouser of causes, Republican, Mason, and Rotarian. He had not forgotten the Black Hills and the sod-hut country where he grew up with an older brother, the late Sen. Francis Case; the magazine he edited reflected the good things of life as well as the evil; he was aware of his Methodist roots, he didn't want readers to forget them. At the same time he kept to his favorite theme, that "of meeting readers where they are"—in the small-town church, the big-city church, or out there somewhere in "God's Great Big Wonderful World."

After retiring from *Together*, Leland Case went to the University of the Pacific in Stockton, Calif., to edit *The Pacific Historian*. It was appropriate that *The Rotarian*, 23 years after his leave-taking, would bring the man up to date in an editorial comment last January:

"Now it does appear that he has retired for good to his house on the flowering desert 11 miles east of Tucson, where his wife, 'Joan,' pursues her many arts, including cactus culture, and where Leland tends the fires of Westerners International, a worldwide organization of persons interested in the old frontiers . . .

"A colorful and brilliant editor-manager whose pedagogy with his younger staff people was in part based on reiteration, Leland spoke often of the *desideratum* we would one day reach. We haven't a doubt we will."

Those of us on *Together*, ten years after the active Case era ended, feel the same way. We hope to reach the *desideratum* with the new magazine, *United Methodists Today*. If we do, or if we don't, we have a feeling that we will hear from Leland D. Case—one way or another. □

From May, 1966

Highlights of Methodist History

Schoenfeld Collection
from Three Lions

1766: Two Irish immigrants, laymen both, are preaching to Methodist societies in the colonies: Philip Embury in New York, Robert Strawbridge in Maryland.

1768: The first Methodist building in New York is erected on John Street, and is named Wesley Chapel in honor of Methodism's founder.

1769: "We have a pressing call from our brethren of New York," John Wesley tells the English conference. "Who is willing to go?" Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor are the first volunteers. Meanwhile, in Philadelphia, a Methodist society occupies St. George's, the first Methodist building to be called a church.

1771: Francis Asbury—destined to become the father of Methodism in America—arrives from England. In 44 years, he will ride 265,000 miles and preach more than 16,000 times.

1773: In Philadelphia, the first conference of Methodist societies marks the real beginning of organized Methodism in America.

1775: The American Revolution forces the English preachers to return home, but the iron-willed Asbury remains. He restricts, but does not end, his work here.

1784: The Methodist Episcopal Church is organized at the historic Christmas Conference in Baltimore. Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury are selected to be its first bishops. Present are 60 preachers.

1785: Cokesbury College in Maryland is the first in a long line of Methodist-related schools which total more than 130 today.

1787: Extensive Negro withdrawals begin when Richard Allen leads a small prayer group from St. George's in Philadelphia. From this and similar groups have grown such bodies as the African Methodist Episcopal Church, the A.M.E. Zion Church, the Christian Methodist Episcopal Church, and other Negro branches.

1789: The Book Concern (later known as The Methodist Publishing House) is established to publish, sell, and distribute religious literature.

1790: Jesse Lee preaches in New England, until now bypassed by the rapidly growing church.

1800: The camp-meeting era dawns on the frontier. Thousands are converted or "felled" in religious frenzy, but most Methodist preachers do not encourage "jerks" and "jumping exercises."

Lynn Ward

1806: A new breed of native-born preacher leads Methodism westward. Old McKendree Chapel near Cape Girardeau, Mo., symbolizes expansion beyond the Mississippi River.

1816: John Stewart, a drunken mulatto converted at a Methodist meeting, preaches to the Wyandot Indians in Ohio. His work will lead three years later to formation of the Missionary and Bible Society.

1830: Another group opposed to the powers of the episcopacy withdraws to form the Methodist Protestant Church.

1833: The first overseas missionary work begins with the arrival of Melville Cox in Africa. He will die in five months, but work is well underway in Liberia.

1844: Northern and Southern churches split, with slavery "the occasion, if not the cause" of the Great Division.

1847: A Methodist-controlled biblical institute will provide training for young ministers at Concord, N.H., but controversy continues over the need for seminary training and a better educated ministry.

Lynn Ward

1861: The Civil War erupts, and hundreds of Methodist chaplains serve in both armies.

At the end of the war, *Harper's Weekly* will note that Methodism "for good or for ill has become the predominant ecclesiastical fact of the nation. The official census places it numerically far in advance of any other American religious body . . ."

1866: In far-reaching and significant action, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South—while observing the first centennial of the Methodist movement in America—moves toward approval of lay representation, election of delegates by district conferences, and extension of pastoral terms beyond two years.

1876: Delegates at the General Conference in Baltimore now look forward to the day "when there shall be one Methodism for mankind"—but that day remains far distant.

1884: North and South join in celebrating the 100th anniversary of the organized church, but the Methodist Protestant Church does not participate.

1891: John R. Mott, layman and Methodism's chief contribution to the ecumenical movement, is abroad to begin his 65-year mission toward world unity of non-Roman churches.

1939: Reunion! At Kansas City, the three major branches of Methodism—the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Protestant Church—become The Methodist Church.

1966: Methodists will meet in Chicago this November to vote on proposed union with the 750,000-member Evangelical United Brethren Church.

No. 6 in a series on "People Called Methodists":
JOHN WESLEY, FOUNDER OF METHODISM

His Mother Called Him 'Jackie'

The boy, age 13, at London's Charterhouse school. Below: his rescue from the Epworth Rectory fire.

Samuel and Susanna, proud parents of 19.

Formative years: the methodical tutelage of his well-educated mother had a profound influence on John. Susanna was both religious and independent. When Samuel was absent she began holding services in the home because she did not believe the assistant curate's sermons were adequate for her family.

ONE DARK NIGHT in 1709, flames crackled through the thatched roof and roared through the home of the Rev. Samuel Wesley near Epworth, England. As neighbors raced to help with buckets of water, a cry and sob swept the spectators. They saw the face of five-year-old John at a second-story window. At the last minute, a husky youth mounted the shoulders of bystanders and pulled the small boy to safety.

"A brand plucked from the burning!" was John's later prayerful explanation. His mother loved all her children—but from that day the brilliant and beautiful Susanna Wesley believed Jackie's miraculous deliverance meant that God had in store for him a great destiny.

History proved her right. For her Jackie to be remembered as the founder of Methodism alone would have been destiny enough, for the Methodist movement today numbers 40 million adherents in more than 50 nations. It started at Oxford where John and his brother, Charles, were leaders of a small group of students in the Holy Club.

John Wesley was born June 17, 1703 (old style), one of 19 children who lived, or died, in the rectory at Epworth. As a young Anglican priest, he undertook a mission to the Indians and settlers in colonial Georgia. Later, because the doors of the English Church were closed to him, he took to the fields—was later to say, "The world is my parish." He preached some 40,000 sermons; traveled, mostly on horseback, 250,000 miles; wrote 440 books, tracts,

The bookworms: the brothers John and Charles read on long walks together. Frequently one would stray off the road, or blunder into knee-deep mud!

Methodism was born in a university—a tradition it cherishes. At Christ Church College, Oxford, John (right) and Charles were leaders of the Holy Club, first organized to study the Scriptures. Members had such stern rules of study and piety that less reverent students called them "Methodists."

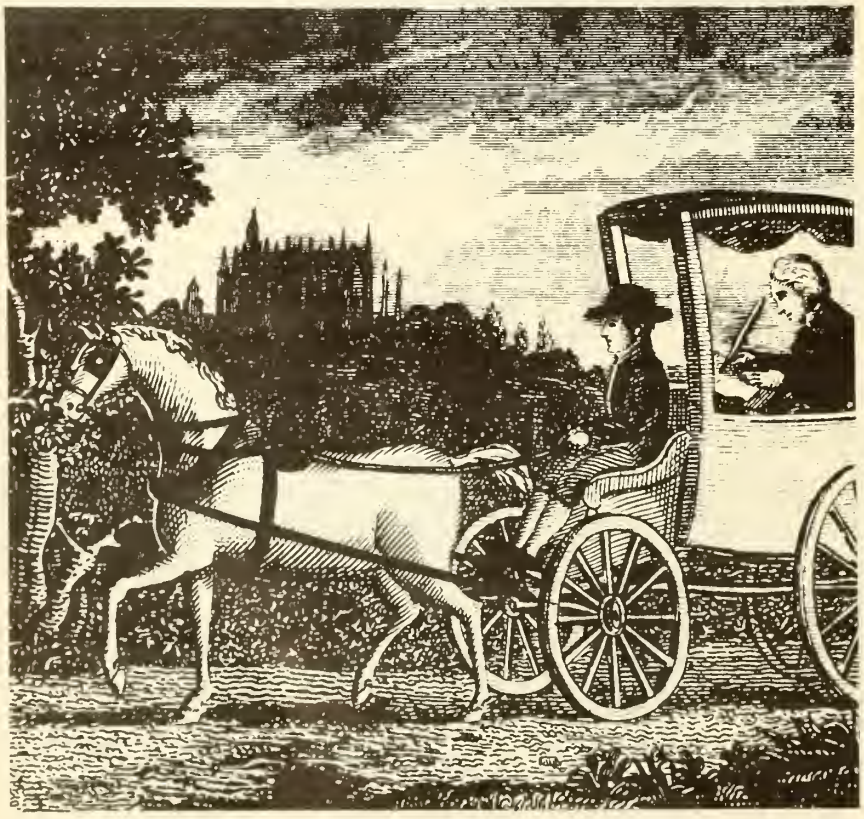
Calm Moravians in a storm, en route to Georgia, stabbed John with a feeling that his own faith lacked a vital spark.

His missionary work among the Georgia colonists and Indians in 1736 was a disappointment to John. Deeply concerned, he returned to England.

His awakening: the pivotal event in Wesley's life came at the meeting of a pious society on Aldersgate Street, London, in 1738. He attended somewhat unwillingly, but found his heart "strangely warmed." At long last, he had found his faith!

Though Wesley was an Anglican clergyman, the church resented his "enthusiasm." So he preached wherever he could, often facing murderous mobs such as this one at Wednesbury.

It was not Wesley's nature to waste time while traveling 250,000 miles. He fitted a desk into his coach, writing sermons and even books on the road.



and pamphlets. He faced rioting mobs, but emerged unharmed and became revered and respected.

Most portraits create the impression of a stern, humorless, rather grim and single-minded man. To know the real John Wesley—the warm, human personality who had a sincere concern for people—we must turn to his letters and to commentaries of his contemporaries. True, he had profound religious convictions, but he was also an open-minded man who said, on most matters, "The Methodists alone do not insist on your holding this or that opinion; but they think and let think."

His physician and biographer, Dr. John Whitehead, wrote: "It was impossible to be long in his company, either in public or private, without partaking of his placid cheerfulness."

Alexander Knox wrote that children, as well as serious-minded adults, enjoyed his company. But it is doubtful that Wesley—an intellectual giant and the most pious of men—really understood children.

Mrs. John Wesley: she found the life of an evangelist's wife to be intolerable.

Certainly, he didn't understand women. His love affair with Sophia Hopkey in Georgia didn't work out, and later in England, Charles Wesley broke up his brother's romance with Grace Murray. When at the age of 47 he married the widowed Mrs. Vazeille, he chose a woman whose temperament wasn't fitted to his travels and his dedicated life. She died several years after leaving him, but he learned of her death too late to attend her funeral.

Physically, he was not an imposing man. He was five feet four inches tall, weighed less than 130 pounds. His hands, wrists, and ankles were small; his nose aquiline; his dark eyes vivid and compelling. He believed "sour godliness is the devil's religion" and that Methodists should be a joyous, singing people. His interests were universal. He experimented in medicine because he wanted to relieve human suffering. In his lifetime, he gave away $200,000, died at age 87, purposely poor.

Prominent people, as well as the humble, delighted in his companionship. One was Dr. Samuel Johnson, England's eminent man of letters. But Dr. Johnson once told Boswell: "I hate to meet John Wesley. The dog enchants you with his conversation, and then breaks away to go and visit some old woman." Thus, in one episode, Dr. Johnson gave clue and testimony of Wesley's concern for people—a characteristic that has stamped Methodism to this day.

He frequently exhorted in fields and coalpits of England. A favorite spot was Gwennap pit amphitheater where it is said 30,000 once heard him.

"The best of all, God is with us," were Wesley's last words. Below is an artist's idealized conception of the followers gathered around his deathbed.

The Family Amid Challenge and Change

Martha Ross—**February, 1962**

The family survives. What alarmists feared during years of unprecedented social change hasn't happened. The church, taking note, drew attention to the importance of the Christian family as a powerful force for good in the world—and this was reflected year after year in *Together*.

"Anyone who would abolish the family," we wrote in the September, 1962, issue, "has a few million little fortresses to knock over." True, age-old problems took on new aspects, and suddenly the family found itself under examination.

John F. McMahon, a leading social welfare executive, observed: "Over the past three or four decades, the family has been scrutinized, criticized, praised, condemned, dissected, pummeled. . . . It has even been declared obsolete. . . . [But] it was found ultimately that the family was far tougher than the forces that sought to suppress it . . .

"This is no surprise. The forces that make a family . . . are marvelously powerful. . . . If the world and its social changes shape the family, we can be sure that the family, in comparable measure, shapes the world and brings about social changes."

Respect, trust, sacrifice, Christian devotion, love—these are the forces that hold the family together in a world of challenge and constant change.

Gordon E. O'Dell—**November, 1970**

George P. Miller—**March, 1964**

Marilyn Spencer—**September, 1966**

From February, 1961

Why I AM A Methodist

By RICHARD S. BATTLE

How would you explain your faith? Here is what one layman—a journalist—told fellow Methodists when asked to discuss the "why" of his beliefs.

WHEN THE program chairman of our Methodist Men asked me to participate in a panel discussion and explain in five minutes why I am a Methodist, I agreed without hesitation. It sounded simple enough. But when I finally tried to put my thinking into words, I suspected my explanation had more words and form than truth and meaning.

I sought my wife's reaction.

"I doubt they'll know what you're talking about," she said with her usual directness when I had finished reading. "Why don't you tell them you're really a Methodist because you simply don't like to be told what you *must* do about anything—even religion."

There was more to her comment than a small joke at my expense. I tore up the words and phrases so carefully compiled and asked myself again: "Why *am* I a Methodist?" Slowly the real answers came.

I am a Methodist because Methodism gives me an opportunity to make up my mind; because this understanding church accepts me as I am, and where I am, on my profession that I am a stumbling, failing searcher for God and that I believe in Jesus as his Son.

I am a Methodist because Methodism presents me with a chance to decide for myself; because its wide dimensions guide, stimulate, and inspire its members—and, indeed, all who will heed its call—to lead Christian lives; because it avoids imposition of a theological dictatorship which could narrow and warp my personal search for God.

True, I was born of Methodist parents, reared in a Methodist home, and early enrolled into a Methodist Sunday school. I could almost say that I believe in God because it runs in the family.

But this accounts only for the first few years of my life. There followed a period when, in the careless wisdom of young manhood, I decided it made no difference whether a man went to church—any church—or not. When more mature judgment led me to recognize the need of every man for church association, I might have turned to any one of many denominations.

I came back to Methodism because its doctrine, its philosophy, and its path toward God through Jesus Christ gave me both the intellectual freedom and the strong and vibrant challenge I sought.

I am a Methodist because I find Methodism a chart which helps me steer a course, not merely a vehicle on undeviating tracks to which I must give blind and unquestioning faith; because the *Discipline* provides me with direction without being dogmatic; because the Methodist government is the most democratic of any church I know, giving me a voice if I care to raise it.

I am a Methodist because The Methodist Church, even with the faults it has, is a learning and growing church. I am thinking of growth in aspiration rather than in numbers; of learning as a zeal for new discovery and higher truth.

As a Methodist, I can be strong in my belief and my faith, yet see good and wisdom in the sincere beliefs of other men whose ways are not my ways but who also share a desire for the ultimate truth of the goodness of God.

I am a Methodist because conduct rather than creed is the test of membership because Methodism, above all other faiths, emphasizes the personal element.

I am a Methodist because The Methodist Church presents a religion of challenge and widening perspective; because I am free to find for myself the love and power of God, the truth and wonder of the Bible, and the fellowship of Jesus Christ, without being bound by limits prescribed by priest or pope or the theological decisions of other men.

Methodism gives me hope when I stumble and the truth of a forgiving and understanding God ever and personally available when I seek him in humility and sincerity. It accepted me as a child and gave me room to grow and learn, not in a vacuum of dusty and predetermined theology but in an atmosphere of free inquiry and widening horizons.

In the phrases of others, I am a Methodist because my church "without laying down any pattern of ex-

perience in repentance, faith, conversion, or assurance . . . has proclaimed that a life of joy and peace should flow from fellowship with Christ and his people"; because my church "is broad enough to embrace all who worship and serve Jesus Christ . . . preaching a Gospel large enough to meet the spiritual needs of all men."

I am a Methodist because my church gives me work to do and opportunity to use my talents in its growth and outreach.

I am a Methodist because, as a writer myself, I recognize the thought, the study, and the careful craftsmanship and scholarship in its literature; because I believe in the honesty of the writers and editors who produce that literature, even when I disagree with their viewpoints; and because when I honestly disagree I can express my contrary opinion and know it will be read.

The Methodist Church is not static in its thinking, its theology, its writing, or—for the most part—in its preaching. Whatever else it may have lost since its founding, it has never lost its courage.

I am a Methodist because Methodism can speak clearly, loudly, and firmly for its convictions and for the right as we see it—and yet hear with good will and tolerance the sincere convictions of those not sharing its views.

I am a Methodist because I believe, as Dr. Gilbert T. Rowe states:

". . . Among Protestants, Methodism stands for an inclusive Christianity. It believes that the things that unite Christians are far more important than the things that divide. It has no exclusive doctrines, rites, or ceremonies."

I believe with the late Bishop Charles C. Selecman that Methodism "teaches that all men are included in the Atonement and the Gospel invitation; that all must repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; that all followers of Christ may have access to the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper; and that ordination of any established evangelical church is valid."

I am a Methodist because with The Methodist Church I can repeat and maintain the words of John Wesley: "Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . . I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

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OVER A MILLION CHILDREN REACHED

by Keith I. Pohl

Editor, *Michigan Christian Advocate*

Because of the massive advertising of several private agencies with "adoption-by-mail" programs, many church members begin to feel that these are the major organizations helping the hungry orphans of the world. This is unfortunate. The quantity of service delivered to the children who are left homeless and hungry by war and natural disaster is in no way related to the quantity of advertising.

Frequently when United Methodists see the large ads on billboards, magazines, and television that encourage them to sponsor or "adopt" a child in need, they fail to remember that their Church has been carrying on this vital ministry for over 100 years. The United Methodist Church through its Board of Global Ministries cares for more than a million children in 1,195 hospitals, homes, schools, and orphanages. These institutions serve children in almost every state in the country and in 32 other nations across the globe. The members of The United Methodist Church provide food, home, and loving care for 50,000 orphans in South Vietnam, an education for 80,000 boys and girls in Rhodesia, hope for thousands of Bengali refugee children, to mention but a few examples.

There are no dramatic ads on roadside billboards, no heart-tugging appeals on radio or television.

"Why not?" the man in the pew asks. There are two reasons: First, the United Methodist mission depends upon the trust and loyalty of United Methodists. It depends upon the promotional concern of the local church Work Area Chairman on Missions, upon the link of communication with the district and conference and national Boards of Global Ministries. It depends upon the United Methodist "family" to care enough to listen, to hear the story of the tremendous work of their missions. A second reason is one of stewardship.

The United Methodist Church has long believed that a dollar given to ministry should be a dollar spent in ministry. While some of the private agencies, splendid and noble as their purpose may be, spend from 20 to 50 per cent of the dollar given on advertising and administration, The United Methodist Church spends less than 10 per cent. When a United Methodist gives a dollar to an Advance Special (a gift beyond the local church's World Service offering which goes to maintain regular mission work) every cent goes directly to the mission designated by the giver without any overhead expense deducted.

"You can't adopt a particular, individual child through the Advance like you can those groups where you can adopt by mail!" says the protagonist to the church's mission program. That's right, but did the critic ever stop to think of how much food he takes away from the hungry child because he demands "personal," "direct" contact? Would he at least guess how much wasted resources of time and effort go into translating letters and mailing photographs? Furthermore, did the critic ever consider what it must be like when an orphan with a generous and conscientious sponsor receives a shower of gifts at Christmas or birthday, while the child in the next bed with a less sensitive or generous sponsor receives none? What would it be like in the critic's own family if grandma and grandpa send bundles of gifts to the critic's oldest and youngest children and ignored the one in the middle?

No, in the United Methodist system of giving one does not adopt a particular child; one adopts an orphanage, or a hospital, or a school where there is no favoritism or child "left out." In a United Methodist mission care is extended equally on the basis of need; love and compassion make a circle that reaches out to all the children alike.

Thousands of children and hundreds of missionaries depend upon the sensible stewardship and sensitive concern of the church people in the pew. Does the "grassroots" Christian only care when he is pampered with personal attention or appealed to by massive advertising? Jesus told us about separating the sheep and the goats, those who did and those who did not "unto the least of these, my brothers," without fanfare or deferred credit toward later glory.

NOTE: The Board of Global Ministries acknowledges with gratitude this article originally prepared for the *Michigan Christian Advocate* by Keith I. Pohl, and reproduced with slight modifications, with Mr. Pohl's permission.

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✢ *Personal Testimony*

'Anxiety Is Not Necessary'

By E. Stanley Jones

Most of us waste time and energy meeting life's decisions. Here a great evangelist gives you the key to serene living.

RNS

Methodism's globe-girdling missionary, Dr. E. Stanley Jones, preaches along the streets of Vellore, India.

MY PLANE was delayed, and it was 5 A.M. before I got to my room. I had not slept for some 20 hours, yet before getting into bed, I set about doing my regular bedtime exercises: push-ups, knee bends, hands-over-head—30 of each.

Perhaps such behavior was a bit strenuous for a man 73. But bedtime exercises are so much a part of my daily routine that I did them *without debate.*

Most of us, I think, waste time and energy struggling with decisions to get things done. Actually, we can cultivate a routine to help us live energetic and worth-while lives.

Not long ago some scientists gave a group of athletes pills containing dextrose. At the same time a control group received similar but ineffective tablets. The athletes who took dextrose exceeded all their previous records. But so did those who merely *thought* they were getting stimulants.

In Japan, a guest visiting in a home is greeted formally with the words, "You must be tired."

My response is always the same: "I am fresh in God." For I have found that if I allow myself to say, "I'm tired," then I become tired, indeed!

In the same way, our physical natures can influence our minds and spirits. A middle-aged man can have the good life fattened right out of him until he becomes as stuffed and stuffy as his purse. We cannot hand the body over to the doctor, the mind to the psychiatrist, and the soul to the minister, treating each part of ourselves as separate. Life is a whole.

In India our Christian ashramas, or retreats, recognize this balance by including daily manual labor. Big businessmen, doctors, bishops work with their hands. My own job has long been to go around with a bag and sharp stick picking up papers.

The same applies to mental labor. I carry a pocket-sized book almost everywhere; when a free moment presents itself, I'm prepared to read and think. In another pocket I carry a notebook. When an apt story or a new idea comes my way, I jot it

down. Perhaps I can use that passing thought in writing a book or in telling a friend. The important thing is that I've forced my mind to do some creative work. When our human personalities cease to create, we crack and even grow tired of resting or doing nothing.

A woman once told me, "I'm about to jell into the kind of woman I don't want to be." How could she avoid stagnation? By watching for ideas and challenging each one!

If physical and mental work is a necessary part of life's rhythm, so is recreation. I am fond of fly-fishing because it, like all true diversion, *adds* to life instead of subtracting. If we have to recover from any pastime—physically, mentally, or morally—it is false. Recreation should be re-creation.

Those are some of the ways we can energize our minds and bodies. But the spirit needs flexing, too. Without spiritual poise, we destroy our vitality in worry.

In the drought-ridden Southwest not long ago, a man asked a cowboy about some clouds in the sky. The cowboy looked up, shook his head, and replied, "They're just empties drifting by." Too many of us are spiritual empties. Indeed, the most frequent stain on the Christian soul is *emptiness.*

Yet we can be easily filled. The art of living is the art of receptivity, the ability to take God's resources as our own. Consider Gandhi. In our astonishing 20th century, we have seen the discovery of two great sources of power: the atom and the *atma,* that word which in India means soul. Gandhi's soul-force changed the course of history; his demonstration is a major contribution to mankind. How did the Mahatma—the Great Soul—fill himself with spiritual vitality? Once I stayed with him at his famed ashrama. Each week he and his followers observed a day of silence, putting the spirit in order, practicing the art of receptivity.

"Don't try to do people good; love them." Such is the advice of the Indian poet, Tagore. It is an answer to the busy life of action without reflection. Our inner life sets straight our values and priorities. "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; . . ." If we get the first thing first, life will come out right. If not, nothing will.

Doctors say that worriers have frail bodies, with measurably narrow chests. From a spiritual viewpoint, worry is even worse: we are sinfully saying that God is not to be trusted.

For the Christian, anxiety is so unnecessary. I have not had a blue hour of discouragement for 35 years. There have been moments of flitting disappointment, of course, but not for so much as an hour. My solution? When a large problem looms, I simply say, "Lord, I turn this over to you. Tell me what to do."

The secret is surrender, a willingness to forgo a selfish first choice. To discover and follow the Lord's plan for us, we need to exercise our souls. Each day I get up early to spend the pure, strong hours of the morning in a quiet time with God. It is then that I get my orders for the day.

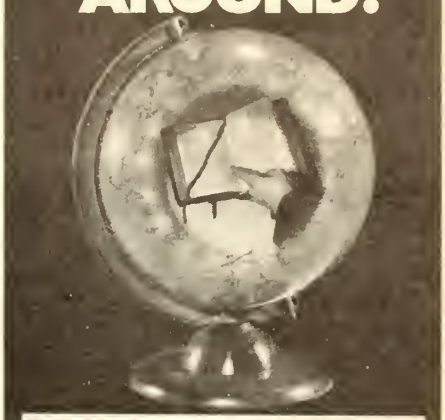
This quiet time is as firm a habit as my nightly exercises; I have never had to decide to do it. That's an important point for someone still fixing this habit: to find an unvarying quiet time each day. No human creature is too busy to find a daily interval with God. We can always answer the phone and eat breakfast; our quiet time should be even more important.

Next, we must pray—even if we don't feel like it, even if we must pray by the clock, even if our prayers are clumsy. A fashionable woman in Texas came to me with a problem; her home was breaking up. We prayed together, and I urged her to continue praying regularly. Later she admitted that she hadn't known how.

Her solution was to write a letter. "Dear God," she wrote, "life has dealt me a very bad hand. Please show me which card to lead. Sincerely," and she signed her name. Her prayer was answered, her home saved. Today that woman speaks to church groups all over Texas as an authority on marriage problems.

We Christians are so fortunate. Our religion is piety set to music. The Christian who will use his soul has a hair-trigger laugh and an inner gaiety. His joy is an inside job. Within him is a harmony that unites mind, body, and spirit, and makes his energetic life worthwhile.

THE 'WORD' IS GETTING AROUND!



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My 40 Days and Night

From April, 1959

By LESTER E. GRIFFITH, JR.

ON THE evening of August 18, 1958, just before sunset, I was nearing my home at Fort National in the Atlas Mountains area of north-central Algeria. After a long day of driving from Algiers, where I had placed our children in a summer church camp, I mechanically swung the car around the curves through a wooded gorge. Suddenly, armed men in uniform motioned me to stop. They were members of Algeria's "National Liberation Army."

Civilians stopped in this way, I knew, were generally killed on the spot or were never heard from again. Usually these victims were Frenchmen, or sometimes Moslems who, for one reason or another, were sought by the rebels. We Methodist missionaries were seldom molested. So I expected, as I pulled to a stop, to be allowed to continue on my way.

I was wrong. This commando group had orders to stop the first car that came along and take all occupants prisoner. Nor did they take time then to check my papers.

With my hands tied behind my back, I was led off by one of the soldiers. He urged me on with a submachine gun, repeating: "We are just in what we are doing. We carry out orders." He seemed as nervous as I was, so I merely said, "OK, Chief," and walked into the hills.

The other soldiers, who had stayed behind to clean out the car and burn it, soon joined us and checked my identification papers. But my hopes of being released were blasted when I was told: "You're going to see a lot. You will have to see our leader before you are released."

As I observed my captors more closely, my fear gave way to reassurance. These men were just like the men and boys I had worked and lived with for years. A bit later, when I'd had time for prayer and meditation, I became still calmer. I prayed the Lord to help me stay true, to do

I was led off by one of the soldiers. He urged me on with a sub-machine gun, repeating: "We are just in what we are doing. We carry out orders."

With the Algerian Rebels

thodist missionary now in the United States

his will. I asked to be given the strength, if I was to die, to die as a Christian should. I prayed for my wife and children, and I sought to set myself right with God.

In the five years I had served with The Methodist Church in Algeria I had become aware of conditions which in 1954 caught the Kabyles up in a nationalist rebellion against the French, who have ruled the land since 1830. The Kabyles, an amiable and intelligent people, are part of the larger grouping of Berber people who live in North Africa. They are Moslems, as are most Algerians.

As the country flamed with rebellion, The Methodist Church maintained neutrality. Our work was respected by both sides. Until now my family had not suffered.

That night, as we moved into the hills, I had no way of knowing that my predicament would soon be world news. I decided to make the best of the situation. Whenever the patrol passed villagers on the mountain paths, I greeted the people in their own language, which pleased both the villagers and the soldiers. I didn't resist my captors or make any attempt to escape. Instead, I repeated to myself the 23rd Psalm. Here, indeed, was "the valley of the shadow."

The patrol, fearing ambush, moved cautiously. Unaccustomed to walking over rugged ground in the dark, I stumbled and often fell.

Finally we arrived at a larger gathering of soldiers, many of whom were asleep. The night now was far spent and although my hands were still bound behind my back, I was soon sleeping, too. But not for long; the guards shook me awake and led me into a candlelit enclosure to meet their commanding officers. The head officer was neatly dressed, clean shaven, and wore a trimmed mustache. He greeted me with:

"Who are you?"

"An American missionary."

"It's too bad you don't wear robes like the White Fathers. [Catholic missionaries in Algeria wear white robes, hence the name.] Then you would not have been stopped."

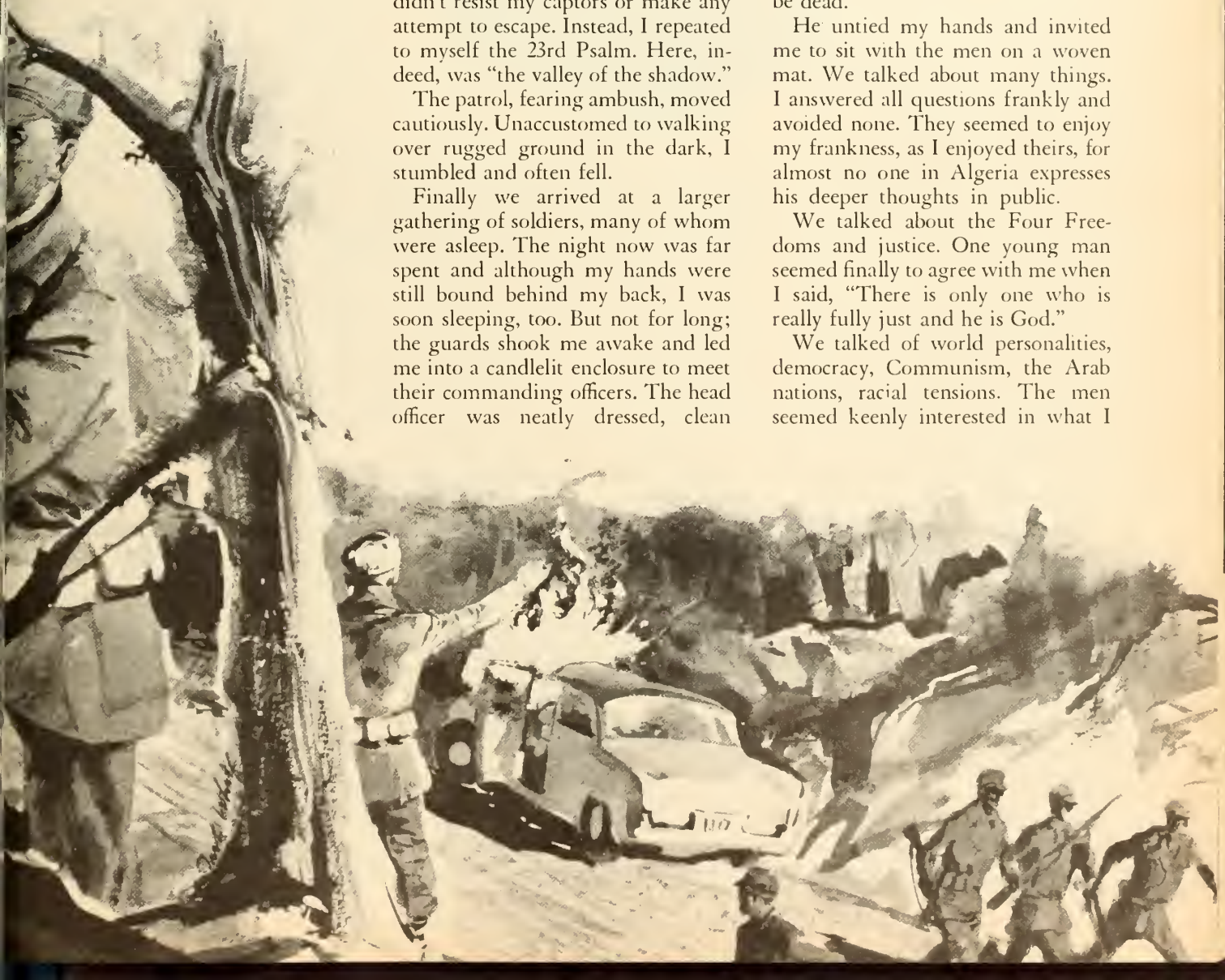
I explained that as Protestant missionaries we sought to share life totally with our people and therefore did not wear robes.

Then he said, "It is a good thing you aren't the son of a *colon* [French settler], for then you would already be dead."

He untied my hands and invited me to sit with the men on a woven mat. We talked about many things. I answered all questions frankly and avoided none. They seemed to enjoy my frankness, as I enjoyed theirs, for almost no one in Algeria expresses his deeper thoughts in public.

We talked about the Four Freedoms and justice. One young man seemed finally to agree with me when I said, "There is only one who is really fully just and he is God."

We talked of world personalities, democracy, Communism, the Arab nations, racial tensions. The men seemed keenly interested in what I



thought. I criticized them and their movement; they criticized me and the U.S. It was a real encounter.

The head officer said he thought I would be released after talking with the region's commanding officer, a Colonel Ammirouche. No prisoner could be released without proper military procedure; I had to see Colonel Ammirouche, the most famous rebel in the area. His command covers a large territory, which he inspects regularly—on foot. When would our paths cross? No one knew.

As I shared the daily lives of the soldiers, a certain affection developed between us. One soldier, shortly after I was captured, saved me from a fall that could have been fatal. The patrol was picking its way along a dark, treacherous mountain path. The soldier behind me was holding the end of the rope with which my hands were tied behind my back. Suddenly I lost my footing and tumbled down the steep mountainside. Quickly this rebel gripped the rope, brought all his strength to bear, and gradually broke my fall. He probably still has the scars of those rope burns.

Occasionally I was a source of amusement. One night, for instance, a scout out ahead of the patrol accidentally fired his gun. I was the first to hit the ground! My World War II training hadn't left me.

After several long marches, I got into condition. I learned how to walk silently, how best to climb or descend the rugged mountainsides. I made it a point not to complain if I could help it. The men soon were addressing me affectionately as "Monsieur Lester." Often we talked about our families and our work in civilian life. Many, I learned, were family men who had left responsible positions in civilian life and I made a conscious effort to understand them. This they seemed to appreciate.

After many nights, my captors brought me to an encampment where I was to stay. In the weeks that followed I became a part of camp life—so far as I know, the first American to have this experience.

On a typical day I was up as soon as I heard the first plane, always a dreaded sound. I went to a fixed spot in the woods where I prayed often each day. Then I washed, had coffee and unleavened bread. Around 9 A.M. I visited the wounded men and sang hymns and American ballads as they gathered around me. They liked hymns in their own language best.

I was given freedom to talk to anyone, to go anywhere in the area, and I often walked alone in the woods. I noticed a constant going and coming of men, supplies, and arms. On occasion, I met young men whom I had known through mission work.

At noon we ate a warm meal of a starchy food with vegetables, peppers, figs, olive oil, and meat. We sat in a circle, eating out of a common plate.

Afternoons varied. Sometimes I read, washed my clothes, bathed, or sat talking with the soldiers. Toward evening, a group of us which usually included a doctor, a teacher, and a lawyer, went to a rocky point where we talked. We discussed faiths, families, customs, laws, philosophy, government, political personalities, the Bible and the Koran, Mohammed and Jesus. It was apparent that these men were well educated and I was thankful for the background given me by the church and the Board of Missions.

All of us slept in a common bed on the ground, clothes on, between a rug and a large blanket. We shared our bed with a host of bedbugs and lice, but I usually slept well—except when an artillery or mortar shell whistled overhead.

As I shared life with my captors, I was impressed with their courage, discipline, and dedication. Whatever one might think about their rightness or wrongness, or the methods used in their struggle, no one can say that they lack courage. We read in our Bibles that "men ought always to pray" and "pray without ceasing." I was struck by the many soldiers who said their Moslem prayers—and I felt closer to those who prayed.

I will always remember two youths who had started their afternoon prayer in a small clearing. Suddenly French planes appeared. With grave expressions, these young rebels continued praying. Overhead, death circled. But to them, prayer came first.

Many soldiers respected me as "a man of God." At one point, when death seemed near, an officer asked, "Pastor, pray for us." And I did, willingly.

Those uncertain days were the finest period of Christian witnessing I ever experienced. I gave some of the officers a French translation of the Gospel of John, and I recall one who calmly read his copy as he lay under a huge rock taking refuge from heavy fire.

One night I had to walk 15 hours with a patrol, but the thought that each step was with the Lord and possibly took me closer to my family was a mooring for my spirit and mind. We were walking over rugged ground and several men didn't make it. I stayed up with the best, but once I almost gave up. It was daylight; aching all over, I slumped to the ground.

"Come on, Monsieur Lester, get up," someone called. "Take courage!"

"I don't care if 50 jets come over," I replied in exhaustion. "I can't get up. I'm not moving!" Yet by some miracle of power from beyond myself, I was soon on my feet and stumbling along again.

The next day I met Ammirouche. After several talks with him, I was ready to start out to freedom. As I left, I embraced the men, and they me. Not that we agreed in everything, but we had learned to respect each other. Then, on the evening of September 27—my birthday and the 40th day of my captivity—a rebel officer took me to a Catholic White Fathers' mission at the edge of a village. There I was released.

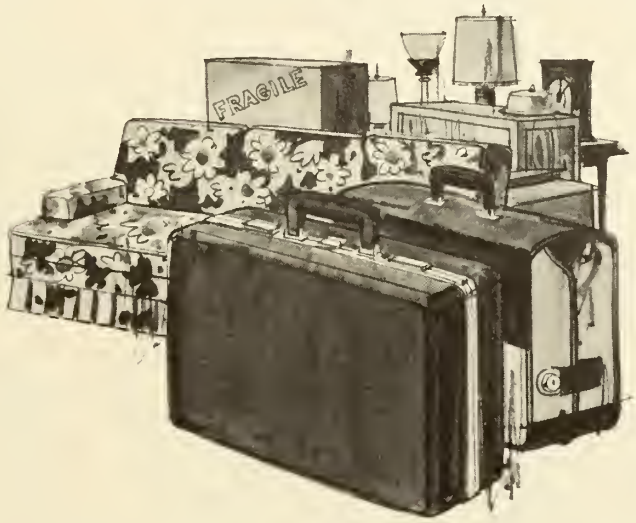
I spent the next day with the White Fathers. They proved most helpful and gracious. They were happy, as they said, that "for once the knock on our door was to share happiness and not problems or grief."

THE next day, Sunday, I was escorted by the American consul to Algiers, where the North Africa Methodist Provisional Annual Conference was in closing session. My wife, Janice, was summoned by the consul, and he told her, "I have the best birthday present you ever saw!"

I stepped from his car and walked toward my wife. We broke into unashamed tears as others rushed from the building to share our reunion. My 40 days and nights a captive of the Algerian rebels—days and nights I shall never forget—were over. I was home.

A message to thoughtful laymen . . .

What will happen to your minister after retirement?



When a minister reaches retirement age, another minister is brought in as a replacement.

Which means that the first minister has to leave the parsonage. And must face the prospect of finding a new home and living on whatever savings or funds have been provided.

This is a critical period for your minister. Even a modest home may cost more than can be afforded, and there are all of the day-to-day expenses which must be taken care of. Denominational retirement pensions are often inadequate.

In a survey, 27% of ministers felt they would not have enough retirement income. And 85% say that if inflation and the cost of living continue to rise (which it almost certainly will), their income will not be adequate.

Ideally, at this time of life, your minister should be able to do the things that there has never been time to do before – to travel, to enjoy life.

Church members today are addressing themselves to this problem. They are finding that it can be a great help to set aside special funds for minister retirements. One way of doing this is through a tax-sheltered annuity, a supplement to your denominational pension plan. An inquiry to Ministers Life will bring the details.

A programmed retirement can mean peace of mind to your minister and to concerned laymen.

Reprints of this public service message for distribution to your local church officials are available on request.

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Painting by Charles Hargens. Copyright 1958 by Lovick Pierce, Publisher—**August, 1968**

Methodism Comes to the New World

With hundreds of original full-color paintings, *Together* has depicted the history of Methodism with particular emphasis on the struggling growth of the early church in the American colonies. In the scene above, painted especially for *Together* by Charles Hargens, Bishop Francis Asbury has just arrived in a Pennsylvania village on his way to Virginia and Tennessee. Asbury, who came to America in 1771, traveled 6,000 miles a year, mostly on horseback, for 44 years. He preached wherever he could, amid hardships and dangers, pressing on through the wilderness with incredible courage and single-minded zeal. He returned to "civilization" occasionally and would preach at Old St. George's in Philadelphia (right). The church dates to 1769, is the oldest Methodist church in continuous service, and was known to Asbury as the "Cathedral of Methodism." Floyd A. Johnson's painting—one of many scores he contributed as art editor of the magazine—is a wintry scene at the church, circa 1800. Today, Old St. George's is listed as one of United Methodism's 16 official shrines.

Painting by Floyd A. Johnson. Copyrigh
by Lovick Pierce, Publisher—**Jun**

Hoyd L. Johnson

"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough, I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

Together's first issue carried these words of John Wesley on its contents page, and they appeared on subsequent contents pages of the magazine for many years afterward.

They are the essence of the sermon that appears in abridged form on this and following pages. Methodism's founder preached it in 1749, first at Newcastle and then at Bristol, England.

When *Together* printed an abridged version in October, 1963, Christian-history professor Frederick A. Norwood of Garrett Theological Seminary said: "This is Wesley's most famous sermon, most abused text, most misunderstood message, and most useful contribution to Christian unity in our own time. In the scriptural 'Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thine?' he finds an admirable motto for development of the catholic [ecumenical] spirit—for a Christian heart needs to be right as well as warm. Methodists, rooted in the Wesleyan tradition, bring to ecumenical discussions today not only a warm heart and an open hand of fellowship but also a well-founded understanding of the meaning of the Christian faith."

What Dr. Norwood said then is still true today. The union of the Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren churches that took place in 1968 and United Methodism's continued participation in the Consultation on Church Union are two examples.

But this compelling sermon has meaning, also, for those of us who do not take part in exalted deliberations. It is a reminder that all Christians are not exactly like us, and need not be. John Wesley knew this very well, and he says it here with the warmth and directness that made him one of the great preachers of all time.

—*Your Editors*

John Wesley's Most Famous Sermon

On the Catholic Spirit

From October, 1963

***And when he was departed thence, he lighted on Jehonadab the son of Rechab coming to meet him: and he saluted him, and said to him, Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thine? And Jehonadab answered, It is. If it be, give me thine hand.*—2 Kings X. 15. (KJV)**

I KNOW it is commonly supposed that the place of our birth fixes the Church to which we ought to belong; that one who is born in England, ought to be a member of that which is styled the Church of England; and consequently, to worship God in the particular manner which is prescribed by that Church.

I was once a zealous maintainer of this; but I find many reasons to abate of this zeal. I fear it is attended with such difficulties as no reasonable man can get over. Not the least of which is, that if this rule had took place, there could have been no Reformation from Popery; seeing it entirely destroys the right of private judgment, on which that whole Reformation stands.

I dare not, therefore, presume to impose my mode of worship on any other. My belief is no rule for another. I ask not, therefore, of him with whom I would unite in love, Are you of my church, of my congregation? Do you receive the same form of church government, and allow the same church officers, with me? Do you join in the same form of prayer wherein I worship God? I inquire not, Do you receive the supper of the Lord in the same posture and manner that I do? nor whether, in the administration of baptism, you agree with me in admitting sureties for the baptized; in the manner of administering it; or the age of those to whom it should be administered. Nay, I ask not of you (as clear as I am in my own mind), whether you allow baptism and the Lord's supper at all. Let all these things stand by; my only question is this,*'Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart?'*

But what is properly implied in the question? I do not mean, What did Jehu imply therein? But, What should a follower of Christ understand thereby, when he proposes it to any of his brethren?

The first thing implied is this: Is thy heart right with God? Dost thou believe His being, and His perfections? His eternity, immensity, wisdom, power? His justice, mercy, and truth? Dost thou believe that He now 'upholdeth all things by the word of His Power'?

and that He governs even the most minute, even the most noxious, to His own glory, and the good of them that love Him? Hast thou a divine evidence, a supernatural conviction, of the things of God? Dost thou 'walk by faith not by sight'? looking not at temporal things, but things eternal?

Dost thou believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, 'God over all, blessed for ever'? Is He revealed in thy soul? Dost thou know Jesus Christ and Him crucified? Does He dwell in thee, and thou in Him? Is He formed in thy heart by faith?

IS THY faith *filled with the energy of love?* Dost thou love God 'with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and thy soul, and with all thy strength'? Dost thou seek all thy happiness in Him alone? And dost thou find what thou seekest? Does thy soul continually 'magnify the Lord, and thy spirit rejoice in God thy Saviour'? Having learned 'in everything to give thanks,' dost thou find 'it is a joyful and a pleasant thing to be thankful'? Is God the centre of thy soul, the sum of all thy desires? Art thou accordingly laying up thy treasure in heaven, and counting all things else dung and dross?

Art thou employed in doing, 'not thy own will, but the will of Him that sent thee'—of Him that sent thee down to sojourn here awhile, to spend a few days in a strange land, till, having finished the work He hath given thee to do, thou return to thy Father's house?

Is it thy meat and drink 'to do the will of thy Father which is in heaven'? Is thine eye single in all things? always fixed on Him? always looking unto Jesus? Dost thou point at Him in whatsoever thou doest? in all thy labour, thy business, thy conversation?

Does the love of God constrain thee to serve Him with fear, to 'rejoice unto Him with reverence'? Art thou more afraid of displeasing God, than either of death or hell? Is nothing so terrible to thee as the thought of offending the eyes of His glory? Upon this ground, dost thou 'hate all evil ways,' every transgression of His holy and perfect law; and herein 'exercise thyself, to have a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward man'?

Is thy heart right toward thy neighbour? Dost thou love, as thyself, all mankind, without expression? 'If you love those only that love you, what thank have ye?' Do you 'love your enemies'? Is your soul full of goodwill, of tender affection, toward them? Do you love even the enemies of God, the unthankful and unholy? Do your bowels yearn over them? Could you 'wish yourself' temporally 'accursed' for their sake? And do you show this by 'blessing them that curse you, and praying for those that despitefully use you, and persecute you'?

Do you show your love by your works? While you have time, as you have opportunity, do you in fact 'do good to all men,' neighbours or strangers, friends or enemies, good or bad? Do you do them all the good you can; endeavouring to supply all their wants; assisting them both in body and soul, to the uttermost of your power?—If thou art thus minded, may every Christian say, yea, if thou art but sincerely desirous of it, and following on till thou attain, then 'thy heart is right, as my heart is with thy heart.'

'If it be, give me thy hand.' I do not mean, 'Be of my opinion.' You need not: I do not expect or desire it. Neither do I mean, 'I will be of your opinion.' I cannot: it does not depend on my choice: I can no more think, than I can see or hear, as I will. Keep your opinion: I mine; and that as steadily as ever. You need not even endeavour to come over to me, or bring me over to you. I do not desire you to dispute those points, or to hear or speak one word concerning them. Let all opinions alone on one side and the other; only 'give me thine hand.'

I do not mean, 'Embrace my modes of worship'; or, 'I will embrace yours.' This also is a thing which does not depend either on your choice or mine. We must both act as each is fully persuaded in his own mind. Hold you fast that which you believe is most acceptable to God, and I will do the same.

I believe the Episcopal form of church government to be scriptural and apostolical. If you think the Presbyterian or Independent is better, think so still, and act accordingly.

I believe infants ought to be baptized; and that this may be done either by dipping or sprinkling. If you are otherwise persuaded, be so still, and follow your own persuasion.

It appears to me, that forms of prayer are of excellent use, particularly in the great congregation. Act suitably to your own judgment.

My sentiment is, that I ought not to forbid water, wherein persons may be baptized; and that I ought to eat bread and drink wine, as a memorial of my dying Master: however, if you are not convinced of this, act according to the light you have. I have no desire to dispute with you one moment upon any of the preceding heads. Let all these smaller points stand aside. Let them never come into sight. *'If thine heart is as my heart,' if thou lovest God and all mankind, I ask no more: 'give me thine hand.'*

I mean, first, love me: and that not only as thou lovest all mankind; not only as thou lovest thine enemies, or the enemies of God, those that hate thee, that 'despitefully use thee, and persecute thee'; not only as a stranger, as one of whom thou knowest neither good nor evil,—I am not satisfied with this,—no; 'if thine heart be right, as mine with thy heart,' then love me with a very tender affection, as a friend that is closer than a brother; as a brother in Christ, a fellow citizen of the New Jerusalem, a fellow soldier engaged in the same warfare, under the same Captain of our salvation. Love me as a companion, in the kingdom and patience of Jesus, and a joint heir of His glory.

Love me (but in a higher degree than thou dost the bulk of mankind) with the love that is *long-suffering and kind;* that is patient,—I am ignorant or out of the way, bearing and not increasing my burden; and is tender, soft, and compassionate still; that *envieth not,* if at any time it please God to prosper me in His work even more than thee. Love me with the love that *is not provoked,* either at my follies or infirmities; or even at my acting (if it should sometimes so appear to

thee) not according to the will of God. Love me as to *think no evil* of me; to put away all jealousy and evil-surmising. Love me with the love that *covereth all things;* that never reveals either my faults or infirmities —that *believeth all things;* is always willing to think the best, to put the fairest construction on all my words and actions,—that *hopeth all things;* either that the thing related was never done; or not done with such circumstances as are related; or, at least, that it was done with a good intention, or in a sudden stress of temptation. And hope to the end, that whatever is amiss will, by the grace of God, be corrected; and whatever is wanting, supplied, through the riches of His mercy in Christ Jesus.

I mean, secondly, commend me to God in all thy prayers; wrestle with Him in my behalf, that He would speedily correct what He sees amiss, and supply what is wanting in me. In thy nearest access to the throne of grace, beg of Him who is then very present with thee, that my heart may be more as thy heart, more right both toward God and toward man; that I may have a fuller conviction of things not seen, and a stronger view of the love of God in Christ Jesus; may more steadily walk by faith, not by sight; and more earnestly grasp eternal life.

I MEAN, thirdly, provoke me to do good works. Second thy prayer, as thou hast opportunity, by speaking to me, in love, whatsoever thou believest to be for my soul's health. Quicken me in the work which God has given me to do, and instruct me how to do it more perfectly. Yea, 'smite me friendly, and reprove me,' whereinsoever I appear to thee to be doing rather my own will, than the will of Him that sent me. O speak and spare not, whatever thou believest may conduce, either to the amending my faults, the strengthening my weakness, the building me up in love, or the making me more fit, in any kind, for the Master's use.

I mean, lastly, love me not in word only, but in deed and in truth. So far as in conscience thou canst (retaining still thy own opinions, and thy own manner of worshipping God), join with me in the work of God; and let us go on hand in hand. And thus far, it is certain, thou mayest go. Speak honourably, wherever thou art, of the work of God, by whomsoever He works, and kindly of His messengers. And, if it be in thy power, not only sympathize with them when they are in any difficulty or distress, but give them a cheerful and effectual assistance, that they may glorify God on thy behalf.

Two things should be observed in regard to what has been spoken under this last head: the one, that whatsoever love, whatsoever offices of love, whatsoever spiritual or temporal assistance, I claim from him whose heart is right, as my heart is with his, the same I am ready, by the grace of God, according to my measure, to give him; the other, that I have not made this claim in behalf of myself only, but of all whose heart is right toward God and man, that we may all love one another as Christ hath loved us.

One inference we may make from what has been said. We may learn from hence, *what is a catholic [universal] spirit.*

There is scarce any expression which has been more grossly misunderstood, and more dangerously misapplied, than this; but it will be easy for any who calmly consider the preceding observations, to correct any such misapprehensions of it, and to prevent any such misapplication.

For, from hence we may learn, first, that a catholic spirit is not *speculative* latitudinarianism. It is not an indifference to all opinions; this is the spawn of hell, not the offspring of heaven. This unsettledness of thought, this being 'driven to and fro, and tossed about with every wind of doctrine,' is a great curse, not a blessing; an irreconcilable enemy, not a friend, to true catholicism.

A man of a truly catholic spirit has not now his religion to seek. He is fixed as the sun in his judgment concerning the main branches of Christian doctrine. It is true, he is always ready to hear and weigh whatsoever can be offered against his principles; but as this does not show any wavering in his own mind, so neither does it occasion any. He does not halt between two opinions, nor vainly endeavour to blend them into one.

Observe this, you who know not what spirit ye are of: who call yourselves men of a catholic spirit, only because you are of a muddy understanding; because your mind is all in a mist; because you have no settled, consistent principles, but are for jumbling all opinions together. Go and learn the first elements of the gospel of Christ, and then shall you learn to be of a truly catholic spirit.

From what has been said, we may learn, secondly, that a catholic spirit is not any kind of *practical* latitudinarianism. It is not indifference as to public worship, or as to the outward manner of performing it. The man of a truly catholic spirit, having weighed all things in the balance of the sanctuary, has no doubt, no scruple at all, concerning that particular mode of worship wherein he joins. Therefore, without rambling hither and thither, he cleaves close thereto, and praises God for the opportunity of so doing.

Hence we may, thirdly, learn that a catholic spirit is not indifference to all congregations. This is another sort of latitudinarianism, no less absurd and unscriptural than the former. But it is far from a man of a truly catholic spirit. He is fixed in his congregation as well as his principles. He is united to one, not only in spirit, but by all the outward ties of Christian fellowship. There he partakes of all the ordinances of God. There he receives the supper of the Lord. There he pours out his soul in public prayer, and joins in public praise and thanksgiving. There he rejoices to hear the word of reconciliation, the gospel of the grace of God. With these his nearest, his best-loved brethren, on solemn occasions, he seeks God by fasting. These particularly he watches over in love, as they do over his soul; admonishing, exhorting, comforting, reproving, and every way building up each other in faith. These he regards as his own household; and therefore, according to the ability God has given him, naturally cares for them, and provides that they may have all the things that are needful for life and godliness.

THIS SOARING DAY

I know that I cannot entirely keep
Undimmed in memory, this soaring day.
I shall forget just how the huge clouds sweep
Through the enormous blue; I'll lose the way
Their rushing shadows on rich autumn hills
Make ever-changing tapestries of light
And shade—I cannot keep this day that spills

Its thousand glories on my dazzled sight.
Yet though I cannot memorize the hues
And shapes of every cloud and field and wood,
I think in darkest times I shall refuse
Despair, in confidence that life is good,
Long after I have quite forgotten how
Vivid the leaves are on each shining bough.

—Jane Merchant

Ray S. Wycoff—May, 1966

A mother, experienced in the trials of living with almost grown-up children, advises other parents:

Push the Fledglings Out!

By EDNA WALKER CHANDLER

From August, 1960

A Together in the Home Feature

DO PARENTS ever get through raising a family? I wonder. In our case, when our two older boys finished high school, they decided to go to work. One got a job as an apprentice sheet-metal worker, with pay enough to make him independent. The other became a civil-service draftsman with a good salary.

Now, their father and I told ourselves, our troubles with these two are over! But we were kidding ourselves.

At first it looked rosy. "Now, Mom," the boys told me, "we want to help out with the food bill." That was fine, their dad and I agreed; they certainly ate enough. Between 17 and 20 a boy is still a gastronomic cavern.

The boys began throwing in $10 a week toward groceries. But they also kept tossing their dirty clothes into the family washing, showing not a bit of surprise at getting them back clean and ironed. And they kept on using the family stock of soap, toothpaste, and other incidentals, just as they always had.

If asked to help with household chores, however, they were anything but cheerful. They never helped without being asked, and if a date or other plans interfered, off they went, leaving me with the younger children, the lawn to be cut, and their room and the bathroom a mess.

They were good boys and neither drank, for which their father and I were thankful. They had nice friends, who came in all hours of the day and night, lugging sandwiches and homemade malts from the kitchen to the boys' room. We were glad they had friends and felt free to bring them home. But when I looked at the extra dishes overflowing the sink —and the gaps where food had vanished from the refrigerator—I wondered desperately where their parents' freedom came in.

Our sons also became night owls. Finally, when the older one came whistling home at 3 a.m. I told him: "You know we don't keep hours like this. Please, can't you get in a little earlier so everyone can settle down for a decent night's sleep?"

Well, our son felt that since he was paying his "board and room" he should have all the privileges and none of the responsibilities connected with the household. He announced he'd better find a place of his own.

I suggested that he look for one where laundry, mending, and 24-hour access to the refrigerator would be thrown in, as well as unlimited use of all personal supplies. I also told him to seek a place where he would have free use of the phone.

I clipped ads for him and he began his search. For a week he ran down leads. Then suddenly he quit. He pitched in and helped with the work as he never had. He asked me to show him how to iron his clothes. He began getting in earlier, and when he knew he would be out late he got in the habit of telling us beforehand.

That little spell of knowing he was free to go, and that his parents might even be relieved if he did strike out on his own, plus a week of trying to find a place he wanted—and could afford, did wonders.

Almost the same thing happened with our second son. Both boys found that freedom costs money, and that a wage-earning child still has definite obligations to his home and family so long as he lives at home and benefits from the family situation. The boys are both married now, but when they come home on visits they help in a way that shows real appreciation.

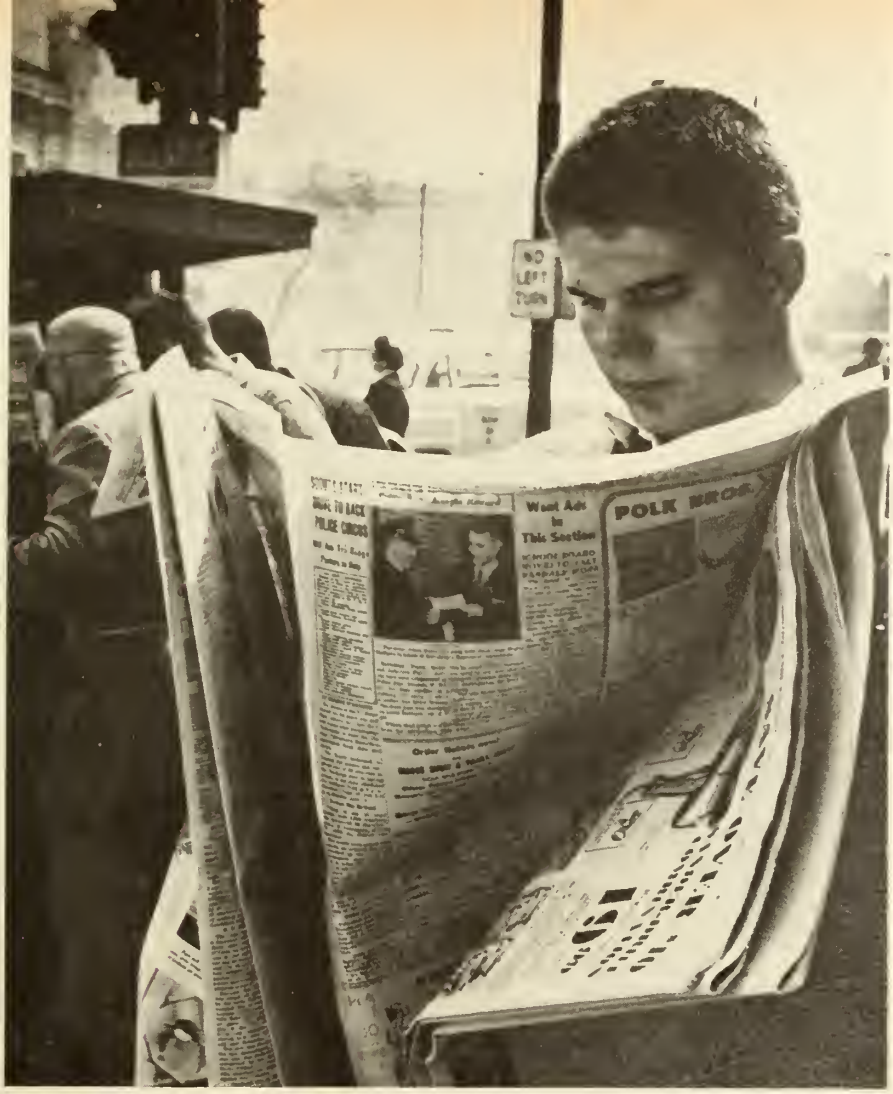
After them came Jane, who at 19 decided she should be completely free.

Her father and I had looked forward to having her home after a year at the university, for she is bright and her thinking is a constant challenge. But along with her came Tommy.

Tommy was in love with Jane, but he lived about 80 miles away and had no car. The first Friday night, he hitchhiked to our place and spent that night, all Saturday, Saturday night, and Sunday as our guest. And I mean guest. He didn't so much as offer to dry a dish, and Jane wasn't even worth shooting while he was hanging around.

Saturday night we lent them our car. They came back at 2 a.m. and began frying hamburgers.

"Are all our summer weekends going to be like this?" my husband groaned as we lay tensely awake in the hamburger-scented darkness.



To older children with jobs, moving out of the family home seems best—until they find that freedom costs them money.

George P. Miller

"I'm not sure," I answered, "but I'd guess yes."

"Over my dead body," he muttered.

The next morning, Jane announced that she and Tommy wouldn't go to church. "He doesn't believe in organized religion," she explained soulfully. To maintain an aura of respectability, I stayed home, too, and my attitude was anything but spiritual.

In gentle ways we tried to get the idea across to our daughter that a little moderation would be all to the good. But after the second weekend we felt compelled to take direct action. Jane was told she would have to do certain things around the house because I needed her help. Also, we assured her, there would be no more home-cooked meals at 2 a.m., no more showers at 3. And no more weekend living at our house by her boy friend unless her father and I specifically invited him.

We admitted we might be stuffy and old-fashioned, but we didn't feel able to cope with broken sleep and upsets every weekend.

Jane said angrily that she felt she was old enough to decide for herself how much and how often she could see her boy friend. She should be old enough, she protested, to decide when she should get in. And when, she wanted to know, would she be her own boss? Her father told her that when she was ready and able to pay her own bills she could make all her decisions herself.

A few days later a quieter Jane came home from a trip to the city.

"I've had a happy home," she began, "and I want my memories of it to remain happy. But they won't be if I'm going to be treated like a child forever."

I'm glad I didn't give in to my impulse to tell her that every teenager thinks he's being treated like a child if his wishes are crossed, for she went on: "But I've been thinking that as long as my parents pay all my bills and send me $100 a month to go to college, then I am still a child." Our daughter not only has a bright mind, it's a fair one when she puts it to work on a problem.

"I don't want to be a child any longer," Jane concluded, "so I've found a job in town. I'm going to quit college and support myself."

The apartment she and a girl friend took in the city wasn't much, but it was respectable. We helped the girls move in, hoping deep inside ourselves that this wasn't the wrong thing.

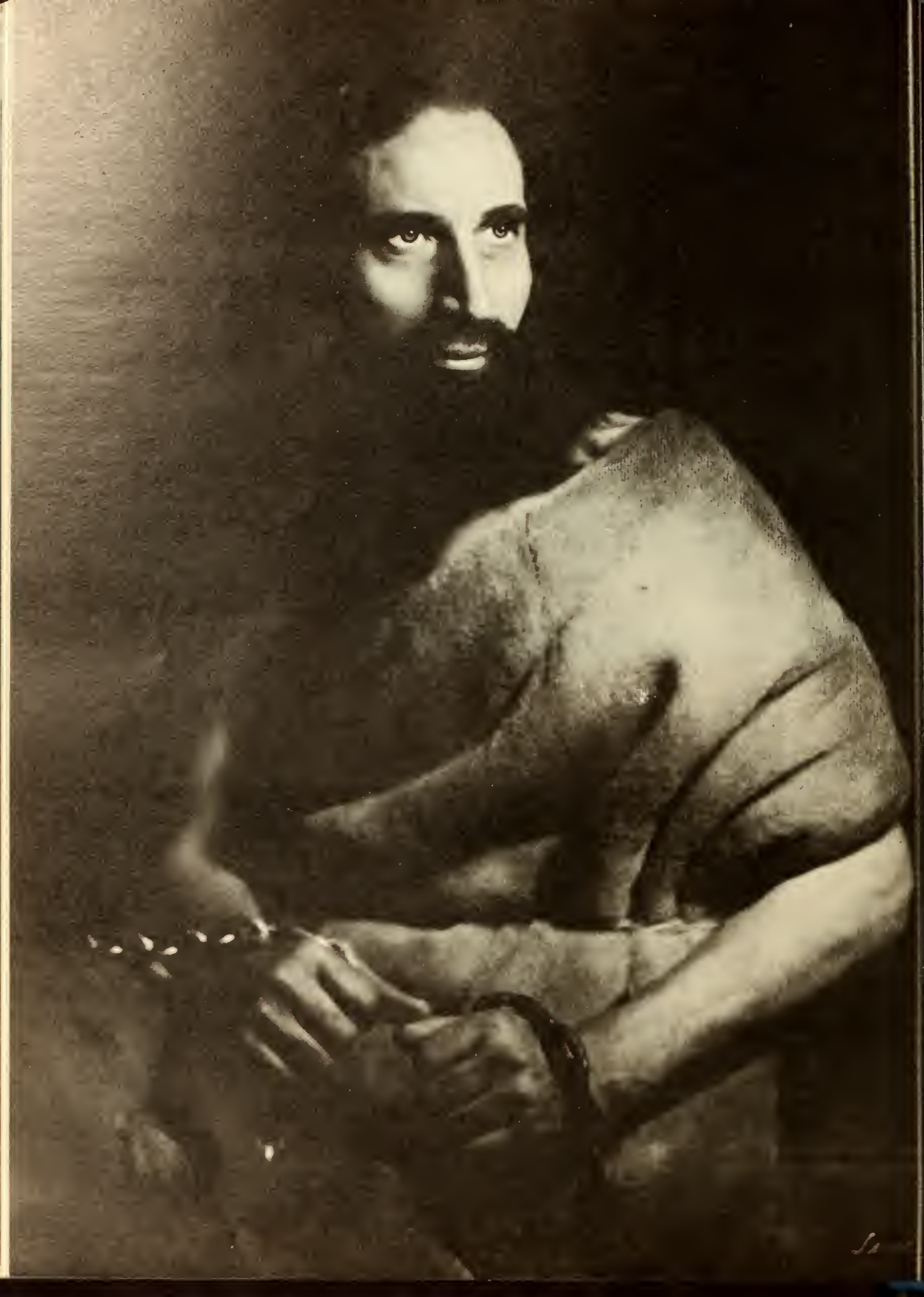
As Jane packed dishes, I reminded her to put in an extra setting as Tommy might be there to eat with them sometimes. "Oh no, he won't," she answered. "Tommy is going to eat somewhere else unless he brings his own food."

"You didn't feel that way about cooking big meals for him here," I said.

"That was different. I wasn't buying the meat then!"

Her father heard her and came up from behind his newspaper: "We've been taken, Mother, we've been taken!" And parents are likely to go on being taken by their almost grown-up children unless they have the backbone to stand up to them. When the young fledgling yells for a chance to try his wings, don't have hysterics about "my-beloved-child-turning-against-me" and all that stuff. Just step up to the edge, give the fledgling a little push, then stand aside and watch the fun. But keep the underbrush around the nest cleared away so the way back is plain.

Jane comes home occasionally and she phones us almost every day. Sometimes she invites us to be her guests, for she did pack enough dishes for her family—even if we don't bring our own groceries.



A distinguished Methodist scholar reinterprets a biblical figure with information from the Dead Sea Scrolls:

From June, 1959

John the Baptist—Today

By W. F. ALBRIGHT, *Professor Emeritus of Semitic Languages, Johns Hopkins University*

AT THE CROSSROADS of history, when Christianity was about to emerge from the womb of Judaism, stands a towering figure: Yohanan, son of the priest Zechariah, whom we know as John the Baptist. Just before the beginning of the public ministry of Jesus, he was to make a tremendous impact on the conscience of his time.

Until the Qumran Scrolls were discovered in caves near the Dead Sea, many biblical students rejected much of the Gospel tradition about John. But the Scrolls confirm the Gospel story to an extent no cautious scholar would have dared predict.

We now see John clearly against the background of a religious sect known as the Essenes. Nowhere in the Scrolls is it said that he was a member, but it is hard to understand his ideas and his practices unless we suppose he was strongly influenced by the Essenes.

The Essene movement, begun more than a century before John was born, was a protest against the growing corruption among the Jewish ruling classes. In 167 B.C. the pious founder of the Maccabean House, rebelling against efforts of the Macedonian king of Syria to stamp out the Jewish faith, had established an independent state governed by high priests of his own family. Before long these patriotic priests became monarchs and the Temple service in Jerusalem became riddled with graft and racketeering.

Pious men were shocked and some of them organized a new fellowship, the Essenes, which was to rank third in importance among Jewish sects just after the Pharisees and Sadducees. What they may have called themselves we do not know; but we do know a great deal about their teachings and practices, thanks to the Qumran Scrolls and to the description of Essene tenets left by Josephus, the great Jewish historian.

The Essenes tried to keep themselves pure and their faith unsullied by isolation from others. Small groups were scattered through Palestine, and some apparently settled in Egypt. But their chief center, mentioned by the Roman writer Pliny (who died in the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79), was at Qumran itself.

Here in the wilderness of Judea they labored in fields watered by the copious flow of a neighboring spring. Marriage was discouraged, if not entirely prohibited, and members of the community shared their property. As they studied the Scriptures, they looked forward to the coming of the Anointed Prince and the Anointed Priest.

Priests were held in great honor by these sectarians, especially when they belonged to the House of Zadok, which traced its lineage back to the high priest of the original Temple of Solomon. We are told (Luke 1:80) that the priest's son, John, spent his youth in the wilderness. He could scarcely have avoided the pious worshipers at Qumran, who were apparently being reorganized after the abandonment of their community settlement during the reigns of the Jewish kings, Herod the Great and his son Archelaus, who had turned nearby Jericho into a fashionable winter resort with luxurious buildings and amenities. Herod favored the Essenes at first, but it is quite impossible to imagine the initially good relationship as lasting for long, especially after the terrible earthquake of 31 B.C.

Essenes were not prophets in the old Israelite sense, nor were they evangelists in any Christian sense. Their stress was on knowledge, especially knowledge of esoteric mysteries of salvation. While they welcomed disciples, they apparently made no attempt to preach to the masses. Only the specially chosen few, they thought, could be holy enough to merit a favored place in the future kingdom of God. To John, who emerged from the wilderness to herald the word of God to the crowds, this lack of social conscience must have been quite intolerable.

He had been wandering in the desert, clad in a tunic of coarse camel's hair like the Arabs, living on a diet of locusts and wild honey, easy for him to procure and

The picture on the left shows John the Baptist as photographer Suné Richards thinks he may have looked. Her picture series on women of the Bible and the disciples have been among Together*'s most popular features. William Foxwell Albright, author of this article, was best known to the public as the biblical scholar who authenticated the Dead Sea Scrolls. A world-famous archaeologist and biblical authority, he knew some 25 languages and could reconstruct an ancient civilization by examining its artifacts and deciphering its language. A professor at Johns Hopkins University for many years, he died in 1971.*

rich in vitamins and energy. We may imagine him as constantly repeating and rethinking the words of the Prophets, which he doubtless knew by heart like any other bright son of a Jewish priestly family, until he could contain himself no longer. He had no illusions about himself; he was not the Anointed One (Messiah), he was not Elijah come to life again, he was not a great prophet himself, but only John, sent by God to be a forerunner of the Kingdom.

From the Essenes he had learned a practice known only under certain conditions among other Jewish groups: the ceremony of purification by water as a sign of inner purity. But while the Essenes purified themselves with running water on many occasions, John appears to have insisted only on a single ritual act of sacramental quality: "He went . . . preaching a baptism of repentance for the forgiveness of sins." (Luke 3:3.) The convert was to emerge from the running water of Jordan free from sin, ready to witness to the salvation wrought by God.

John refused to accept any merit under God in belonging to a "superior" race or religion. Like Jesus he showed special tolerance toward the hated tax collectors and police, without whom organized society was impossible.

Seeing clearly the rapid approach of divine judgment on human wickedness, he did not spare his people as he announced the coming of a Mighty One who would baptize with "the fire of the Holy Spirit." The Coming One will "clear his threshing floor, and . . . gather the wheat into his granary, but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire." (Luke 3:17.) Within little over a century, the Jews of Palestine and neighboring lands were to be utterly crushed in several bloody revolts, lasting many years; Jerusalem would not again be inhabited by Jews until many centuries had passed.

We shall never know the exact relation between John the Baptist and Jesus. It was John who is said to have first recognized that the humble man of Nazareth was the Anointed One, and the first disciples of Jesus, Andrew and probably John the Evangelist, came to him from John the Baptist.

It is now certain that the teachings of Jesus, as reported particularly by the Gospel of John, were strongly influenced in details by the Essenes. It is equally clear that John the Baptist was a true forerunner of Christ at the very points where the former broke with the Essenes.

Later while John was in prison, he seems to have been much disturbed by the tales he was hearing of the evangelistic activities of Jesus. Being a very human prophet, he could not grasp the full meaning of the tremendous movement which he had helped so notably in starting, a movement which was to light a devouring fire throughout the earth and to shock mankind from its millennial lethargy. As a true prophet he bowed to the will of God and met his own execution as courageously as he had denounced wickedness in high places.

From April, 1962

The Many Shapes of Crosses

There are many shapes of crosses
Other than the timbered "T";
I have seen men stitched on barbed wire
Like a scarecrow effigy.

Men have wept upon long tables,
Heads on hands, with elbows spread,
Crucified by man's injustice,
Not quite living—not quite dead.

Others stand on high horizons,
Arms flung out in wide embrace,
Loving their fellowmen while knowing
Some will drive the spikes in place.

Wooden crosses kill more quickly
The body that is there impaled,
While others walk as human crosses
On which the heart alone is nailed.

Let the Crucifixion answer
Even now as it did then;
May we learn the shape of justice,
And not make crosses out of men.

—Ralph W. Seager

Bells, Bows, and Books, Books, Books

For Goodness' Sake!
Humor, warmth, and candor fill this delightful book. In a firsthand look behind the parsonage door, Edith Patterson Meyer describes what it was like to be the youngest child in a New England minister's large family at the turn of the century. $4.95

It's Your Day
Wil Shorb, musician and member of a singing trio, shares his thoughts and experiences as a Spirit-filled Christian. He shows the reader how to successfully confront and overcome the 4-F's in life—failures, fatigue, feelings and so-called freedoms. $2.95

Tell Me Again, I'm Listening
Do you have trouble communicating with your spouse? In this frank appraisal of what it means to have a real dialogue with your marriage partner, you will find helpful and practical advice. Richard Wilke and wife Julia speak from experience in this easy-to-read book. $3.95

The Joyful Wedding
Make your wedding a very personal expression of your love. Here are innovative ideas and sixteen original songs for that very special wedding—yours! Everything from clothes and decorations to vows, music, Scripture, and the surrounding mood. Nick Hodsdon. Paper, $3.50

Plum Jelly and Stained Glass & Other Prayers
Color of joy in a glass of jelly, green seeds on an elm tree, mosquitoes, motorcycles, lonely people . . . Jo Carr and Imogene Sorley pray about various and sundry things in their own inimitable, honest, and down-to-earth manner. $2.75

Reflections of a Fishing Parson
A cane pole, a riverbank, and something more—time to think and enjoy solitude. Jonathan Sams shares fish tales and his own personal philosophy in an appealing narrative. Nostalgic reading for fishing buffs of all ages. Illus. $2.95

Armed with Love: Stories of the Disciples
Gerald N. Battle. In twelve new and exciting stories, the disciples step from the pages of history. Armed with love and their new message, eleven of them became towers of strength as they shared the Good News. Ages 12-up. $4.95

Bible Stories: God at Work with Man
Mary Alice Jones; illustrated by Tom Armstrong. A beloved children's author shows how God has always chosen people to be his partners in his work for good everywhere. Accounts of Abraham, Moses, Amos, Dorcas, and many others. Ages 6-9. $3.95

Indians of the Southeast: Then and Now
Beautiful drawings, photographs, famous Indian art, and fascinating text relate the story of the Southeastern tribes—their history, life-styles, legends, triumphs, and defeats. Jesse Burt and Robert B. Ferguson. All ages. $7.95

The Aminal
Written and illustrated by Lorna Balian. Patrick finds a strange aminal and puts it in his lunch sack. As his friends learn about the aminal, it grows fiercer, uglier, and hungrier. Gossip is presented in a humorous and appealing manner. Ages 4-7. $3.95

Follow the Butterfly Stream
Written and illustrated with full-color photographs by Lorenz Boyd. The vast beauty of the Smokies is captured in this refreshing trek along mountain trails, by sparkling streams, to the meadow of the butterflies. An appealing book for all ages. $3.50

The Trees of Christmas
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On the Frontier, the Circuit Rider Preached, Saved Souls—and Sold Books

When The Methodist Church observed its 175th anniversary in 1959, our cover featured this romantic painting of Bishop Francis Asbury, with his saddlebags loaded with books.

From May, 1964

Painting by Robert Addison. Copyright © 1964 by The Methodist Publishing House.

DOWN THE Wilderness Road, through Cumberland Gap, up from Kentucky, and across the Ohio into the plains and parklike forests of the Middle West, the circuit riders of Methodism kept pace with the lean, free-striding pioneers. With a printing press behind them now, they were more than itinerant preachers; they were salesmen for the Book Concern. Their wares included such items as Wesley's *Notes on the New Testament,* the *Arminian Magazine,* pocket hymnals, Bibles, and the *Discipline.* Hard-riding men, they set the pattern for other traveling book salesmen, and share credit for the spread of knowledge to the expanding frontier.

Robert Addison's superb painting of a circuit rider's welcome at a pioneer homestead could hardly be more realistic had he set up his canvas in that green clearing; and this scene must have been duplicated thousands of times across the trackless wilderness—wherever and whenever inspired men on horseback, who carried saddlebags of books, stopped to pray and preach.

Together: 1963-69

The Middle Years

By George P. Miller, Picture Editor, *Together*

IT WAS one of those dark November days that signal the start of a long Chicago winter. At the *Together/Christian Advocate* offices in suburban Park Ridge, editorial staff members had been called to the conference room to hear a report on the just-ended 1963 annual meeting of the Methodist Board of Publication.

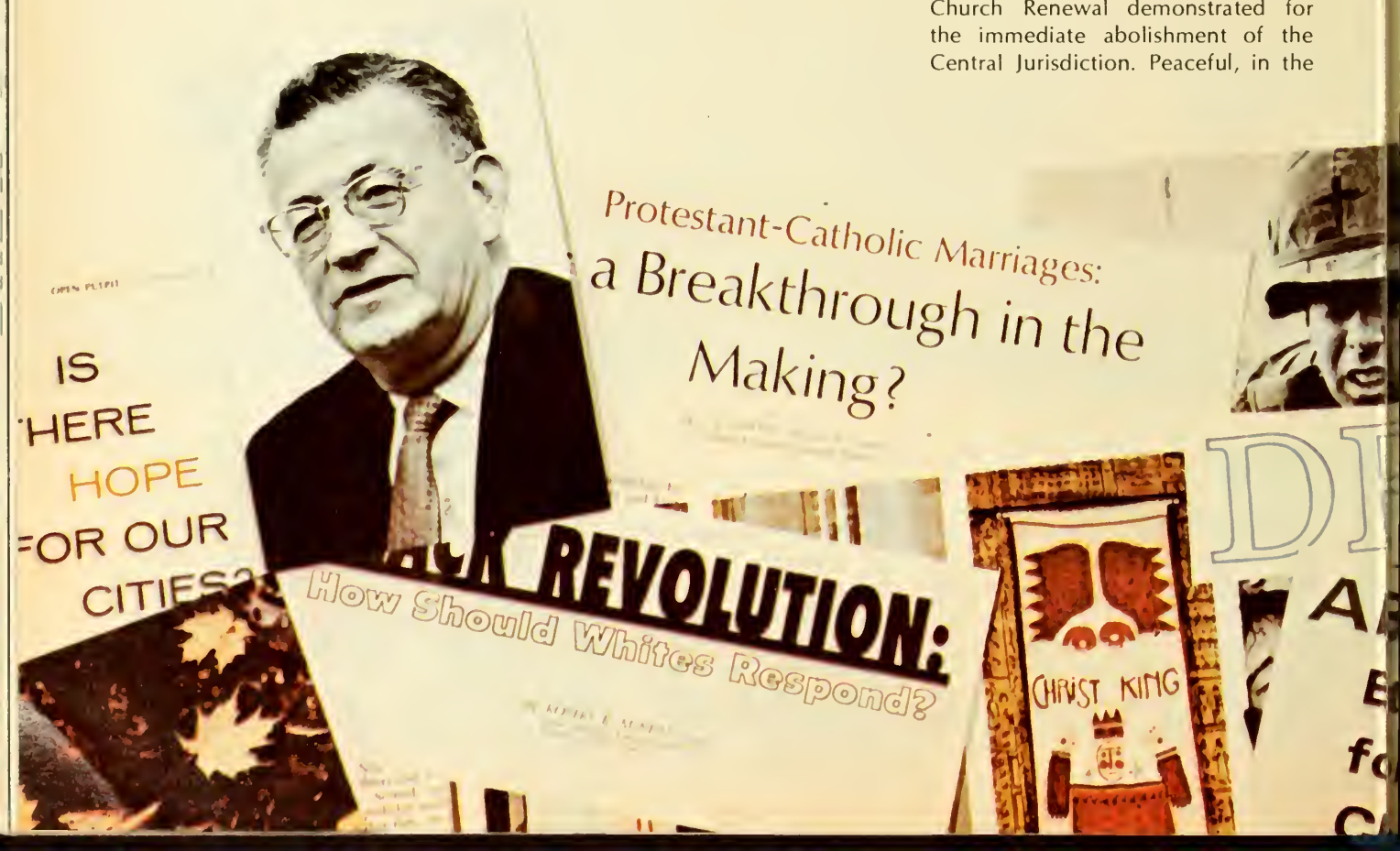
The big news: Ewing T. Wayland, editor of *Christian Advocate*, had been named editorial director of both publications, succeeding Leland D. Case. *Together* had passed from the hands of its founder who had envisioned this "bold new venture in religious journalism." Mr. Case remained as consultant for the magazines.

Few on the staff knew of a second meeting that took place 24 hours later in the sanctuary of First Methodist Church in nearby Arlington Heights. The new editorial director was in the front pew with two other men—the Rev. James M. Wall, managing editor of *Christian Advocate*, and Richard C. Underwood, executive editor of *Together*. The Rev. Hughes B. Morris, First Church pastor, read the Methodist order of Holy Communion, and those assembled received the Sacrament following a prayer for the future leadership of the magazines.

The symbolism was clear. Dr. Wayland—former pastor, former navy chaplain, former editor of Methodism's regional newspapers in Arkansas and Louisiana—was starting his tenure in the new post with a covenant symbolized by the renewal of Holy Communion. Thus began *Together*'s second era; and within two months, Dick Underwood was named editor of *Together* and Jim Wall became editor of *Christian Advocate*.

If it could be said that *Together*'s early years had been shaped largely by the forceful personality of its founder, the magazine's style in its second era was molded in large meaure by events both within and outside the life of the church. For even as the editorial changeover took place, the nation's young president was only days away from assassination; and before the end of this *Together* era, two other national figures would die in like manner.

Only months after assuming their new responsibilities, the three executives—Wayland, Underwood, and Wall—went to Pittsburgh to learn how the 1964 General Conference would speak to Methodism in the next four years. The 1964 meeting was a conference in transition. It proclaimed church business as usual though the nation had entered an era of social change and upheaval. Union of Methodism with the Evangelical United Brethren Church was given a timetable, but the question of segregation in Methodism's black Central Jurisdiction remained unresolved. Outside Pittsburgh's huge Civic Arena, young Methodists for Church Renewal demonstrated for the immediate abolishment of the Central Jurisdiction. Peaceful, in the



style of the early sixties, it was a dramatic event for a Methodist General Conference; and it set the stage for change in General Conferences to come.

The participants were black and white college kids, seminary students, pastors, laymen. Some were veterans of lunch-counter sit-ins, Freedom Rides, and the Washington Rally. They had come to Pittsburgh in car pools from as far as 750 miles away, arriving tired and without hotel reservations. They traded sleep for a nightlong rally that packed neighboring Smithfield Congregational and Methodist churches in downtown Pittsburgh. After speeches, songs, and prayers, they went to the plaza in front of the auditorium and walked silently with locked arms. *Together*'s new editor, Dick Underwood, had spent most of the night watching and listening. The message was clear: Race would be the central issue in church and nation in the four years to come.

In the summers that followed, city names became symbols of the rage that smoldered in the black ghettos of Chicago, Newark, Watts, Detroit. Students grew restive over Viet Nam, the draft, and environmental pollution. Cesar Chavez took his grape-pickers out on strike.

On my assignments around the nation with other *Together* staffers, I found churches and churchmen in new molds. It was an exciting time to be working in the church and on the staff of a church-related magazine. Even as the ashes of racial strife were cooling in the cities, there were forces of renewal at work in the churches. New missions structures were being developed to deal with the problems of race, poverty, and urban decay. A spirit of hope for genuine renewal was enhanced by the fall of barriers between Roman Catholics and Protestants in the wake of Vatican II.

Perhaps we were naïve then. Maybe we wouldn't end segregation, wipe out poverty, renew the church, and make a nation see that a war in Southeast Asia was immoral. Yet there was the hope these things could happen.

In comparison to many publications of the church and the secular press, *Together*'s approach to events of the late sixties was more conservative than radical. But it was not always seen in that light by some readers. And a magazine, unlike a General Conference, a board, or a bishop, could be dealt with in a concrete way—by a cancelled subscription. The editors tried to avoid alienation, but events in the life of the church demanded attention, and the magazine's pages reflected these issues.

For the first time *Together* spoke with an editorial voice when the *Viewpoint* page became a monthly feature in 1964. Written by Editor Underwood in most issues, editorials often underlined the church's responsibility to speak out on injustices.

Just 32 when he was named *Together*'s editor, he had come to the staff as a part-time associate in the magazine's first year. Early in the sixties, before the national cycling craze, he often bicycled to the office in good weather. He liked the exercise and freedom the bike provided. So also with his associates, he gave them freedom to express ideas and to bring them to life as articles for the magazine.

As the end of the quadrennium approached, Methodists and EUBs looked to Dallas as the site of their 1968 Uniting Conference. It was generally expected that this would be a housekeeping conference, primarily concerned with tidying up the details of union. That expectation failed to take into account the constant exposure of Americans to events of the time. We like to believe that *Together*'s interpretations of the church's role in society played a part, too.

What was predicted to be a housekeeping conference turned out to be a conference which faced issues and acted forthrightly to put the new United Methodist Church to work at once. The Fund for Reconciliation and the Commission on Religion and Race were two of the 1968 General Conference creations. Dick Underwood headlined his *Viewpoint: New Church, New Spirit: Rejoice!* □

The RISKS of Church Renewal

NO CHURCHMAN is really with it any more unless he endorses church renewal, one of this day's leading "Okay!" terms. And that's fine. The catch is, everyone writes his own definition. And the point sometimes missed is that authentic church renewal involves risk-taking. For example:

1. *Loss of members.* When a church really begins to apply the Gospel to today, to speak on the conditions and attitudes that keep men in bondage, some members will pull out. The only way to avoid controversy is to say and do nothing. But that is the antithesis of a prophetic community of faith; in fact, it is a pretty good working definition of a community of *un*faith. The choice must be made to judge success biblically, not numerically.

2. *Loss of financial support.* Bondage to a budget, a building, or a certain traditional way of doing things is one of the common obstacles to contemporary Christian witness and mission. Every church, of course, runs the risk that substantial contributors will develop a stockholder mentality and feel that the weight of their coin determines the weight of their voice in church affairs. Again, any church seeking real renewal must reject this marketplace mentality and simply be the church of Jesus Christ, come what may.

3. *Loss of a religious superiority complex.* It becomes clearer every day that no church, no denomination, can go it alone on the tangled problems of this age. Neither can churchmen bring about change in human affairs without the support and counsel, if not the leadership, of secular men and structures. The fact is, it never has been appropriate to boast about being a churchman or a particular kind of churchman. No group, not even the church, contains all the world's good guys. This is an ecumenical age in an increasingly secularized society. More than that, some of the most significant Christian work and witness is done in secular situations by churchmen who never identify themselves as churchmen. Among other things, this means an end to the practice of always trying to paste a Christian label on the things we need to do as Christians.

4. *Loss of a cloistered clubbiness.* Any manifesto of renewal recognizes that the church can be the church only as it gets outside of itself, and assumes the role of servant. Of course, a church also serves its own members. But if those members ever view the church as a sort of stained-glass cocoon where they can hide away from the real world, the honest thing to do is call it a private club, not a church.

5. *Loss of an optional, selective faith.* Early Christians, and early Methodists, too, were marked by their acceptance of the faith as an absolute calling, a total outlook, a complete style of life. They sought not to conform to the world but to transform it—all of it. Contrast that with what often passes for Christianity today: the execution of certain private rituals and the retention of certain carefully segmented, simplistic attitudes, both distinguished by their absolute irrelevance to such gut issues of life as despair, suffering, war, human degradation, fear, and want. For too many, Christianity is a comfortable option, a take-it-or-leave-it thing.

In many congregations, renewal has begun from serious Bible study involving all members. It often is buttressed by strict membership requirements including compulsory courses of instruction for new members and regular, serious adult-education programs. Out of such encounters with the Gospel cannot fail to come new awareness of the Christian call to discipleship in all life, and new sensitivity to mission as the Christian's calling.

6. *Loss of formulas for Christian life and mission.* Some people still think of Christianity as a cluster of *don'ts,* the observance of which guarantees inclusion among the angels. But Christianity never has been a crutch; instead, it is a way of living without crutches.

Today, perhaps as never before, the religious crutches we have used in the past are being hacked out from under us. Practices and attitudes we once took (or still take) for granted are subject to retesting and contemporary validation. Not only is it a new game, but the world has changed even the rules. So any church that really seeks renewal must start from scratch to see what its mission is today, right there on its home ground. For every community has grave needs that are not being met.

Deep-reaching renewal is going to require some radical changes in most congregations. It means doing away with the frills and extras that sap many congregations of the energy needed to deal with the real problems, internal and external, that cry for action. It means that laymen must accept primary responsibility for mission, and that a church is not really a church if laymen expect the pastor to pull it along single-handedly. It means an openness to the new that crowds in on us from all sides in this Space Age.

But renewal is fundamentally a positive process, an affirmation that the Gospel is as demanding and relevant for today as it was in Christ's time. It requires stripping down to essentials and starting fresh. Hence those things we have mentioned as losses are not losses at all. For as Christ said, ". . . Whoever would save his life will lose it; and whoever loses his life for my sake and the gospel's will save it."

Let these be the watchwords for today's churches.

—YOUR EDITORS

Is He not with all who grieve, suffering with their sorrow and sharing the burden of loneliness?

Charles Moore, Black St

From December, 1965

WHERE IS Christ TODAY?

IN THE 20 centuries since Jesus of Nazareth was born, the world has been turned upside down. Yet the meaning of his life and death and Resurrection is fresh and unchanging. He came to redeem the world—yesterday, today, tomorrow. And he is present today in all the affairs of men. He is there where joy is celebrated, where grief oppresses, where life is distorted—even where he is denied.

On these pages are illustrated a few life-experiences of greatest intensity. The point is simply this: to truly follow Christ, we also must participate in the whole of life. And we are called to witness for him, not by condemning from afar, not by isolating ourselves from things alien or distasteful, but by developing a sensitivity to the needs of others and by becoming involved—particularly where there is inhumanity, suffering, and poverty of the spirit. For, as Dietrich Bonhoeffer wrote, the Christian belongs "not in the seclusion of a cloistered life, but in the thick of foes. There is his commission, his work."

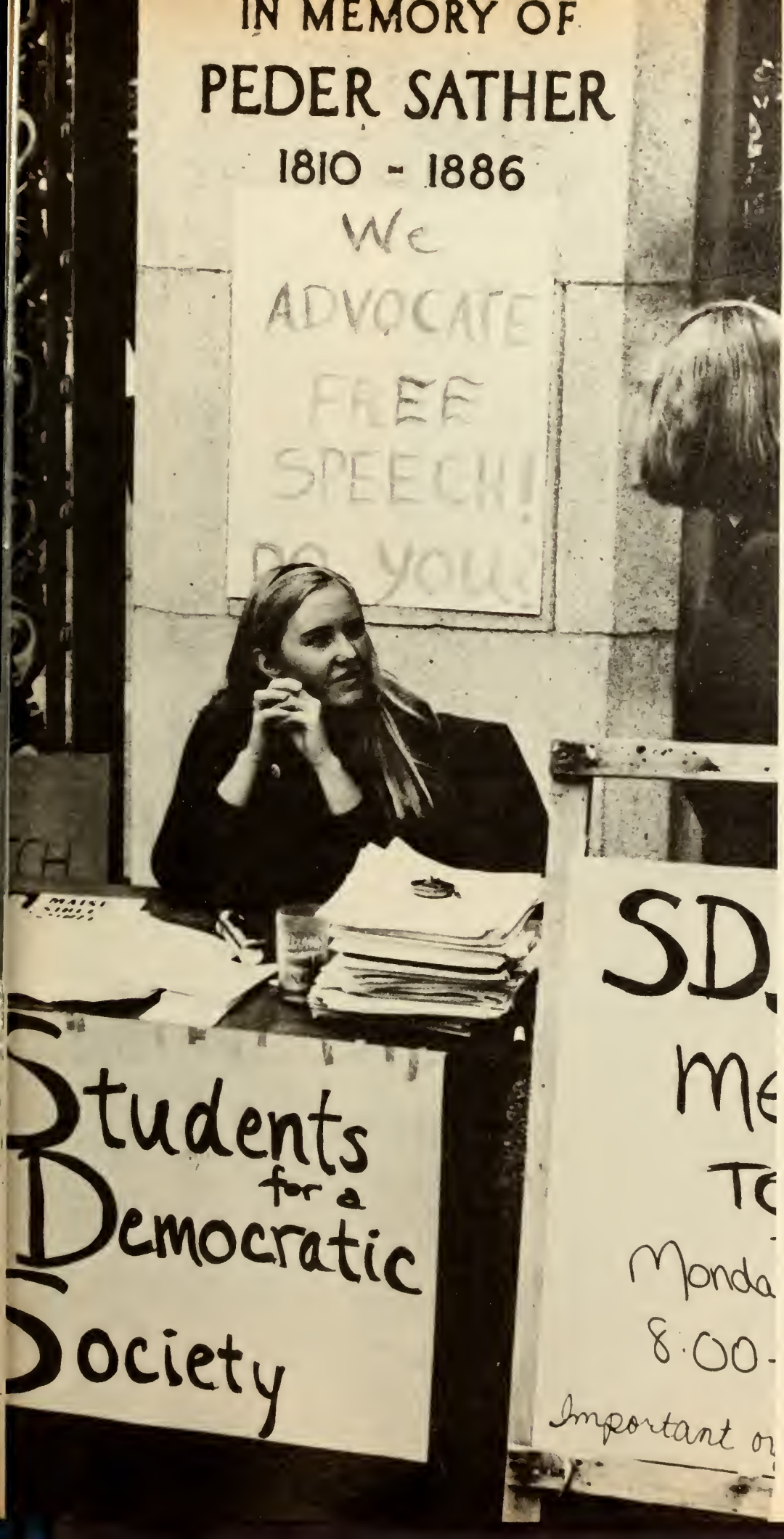
WHERE IS Christ TODAY?

Is He not also among those who degrade the dignity of life, who deny the oneness of all men in Christ?

Charles Moore, Blac

Harry Rede, Black Star

Man's inhumanity to man is a denial of Christ's presence. Among those dispossessed, the victims of war and greed and want, he is present, suffering.



Christ was a revolutionary; so, too, are many of the young who have not rationalized injustice as have some of their elders. Even if their methods and remedies are unconventional, we can learn much from their restlessness, their impatience, their protests. In them, as in us, Christ is at work.

George P. Miller

WHERE IS Christ TODAY?

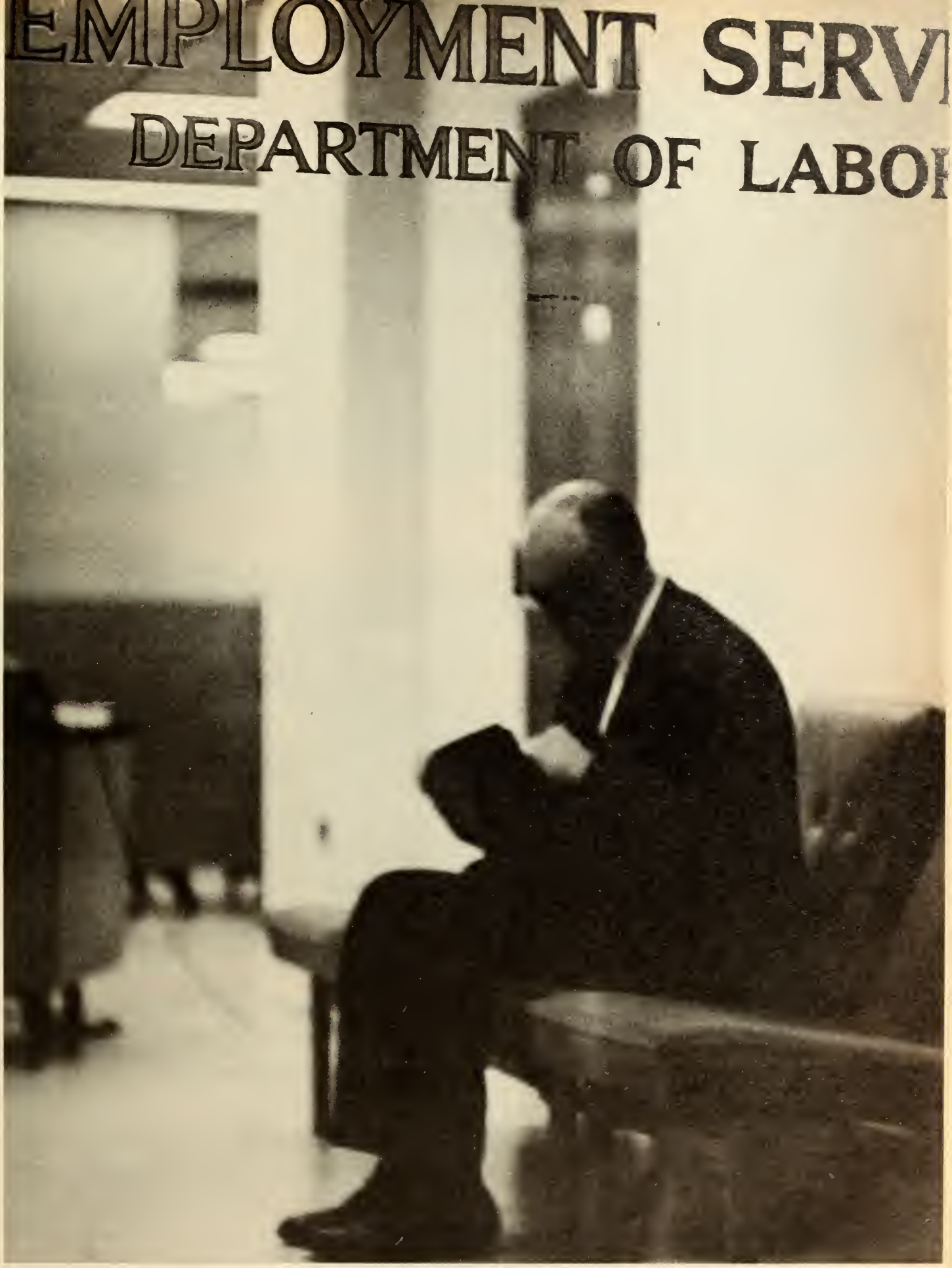
Is He not here as the young learn, at play, some of the lessons of life?

...And in that moment when two lives become one?

Archie Lieberman

...And in sharing simple chores of a happy home?

Carol Bales



George P. Miller

Who shares the desperation, the degradation of a man without work to support his family?

Wherever decisions are made that influence the lives of men, Christ is [illegible]

WHERE IS Christ TODAY?

Steve Schapiro, Black Star

These are children of God.
Must they be treated as cattle,
robbed of their dignity and freedom?
For if any man is in bondage,
none of us is free.

They seek meaning in life
but have not found it. Christ
is here, too—not to judge
but to share. If he is not
acknowledged, the failure is not
his, but ours. For through us
he is made known to others.
How can we reach those
who despair, who deny him?

Will his presence be acknowledged on both sides of this bargaining table?

Angus McDougall, International Harveste

Flip Schulke, Black Star

Gene Daniels, Black Star

Joe Covello, Black Star

What man has not asked himself, "What am I doing here? Where am I going?"

WHERE IS Christ TODAY?

As Christians, we profess that only in Christ can we discover the quality and the ultimate meaning of life. Only as we encounter him in the midst of his world are we freed to live life fully, openly, without fear and pretense. Our response to this gift of freedom is the desire to share it with all men, to demonstrate its reality through the quality of our lives.

Our mission today is as his: "For God sent the Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world might be saved through him" (John 3:17). □

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CHARLIE BROWN— *The Theologian!*

By ROBERT SHORT

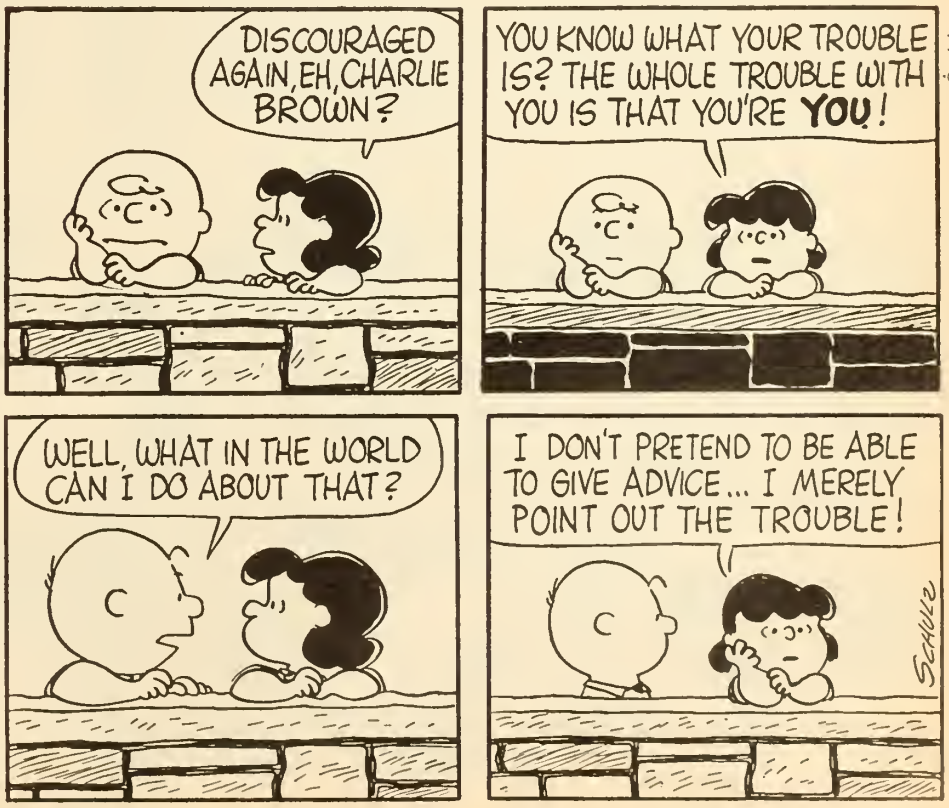
THIRTY MILLION Americans —plus citizens of Hong Kong, Turkey, Sweden, Venezuela, Japan, and other widely separated parts of the world—are devoted to the daily doings of a group of children in a comic strip called *Peanuts*. Two books about them have been best-sellers.

It is interesting to speculate on how many readers might be less— or more—ardent in their addiction to the little characters created by Charles M. Schulz if they were told that "good ol' Charlie Brown" and his friends are doing some of today's most eloquent preaching.

The theological implications of their antics are no accident. Schulz is a dedicated Christian who believes all Christians should go out and do some preaching. In his own time, he has preached on street corners with groups of other laymen, but now he confines his teaching to his cartooning and to an adult Bible class at the Methodist Church in Sebastopol, Calif. He is a member of the Church of God, but says he feels equally at home with Methodists because they are part of God's total church. He also draws teen-age cartoons for about 70 different church publications, including TOGETHER.

In *Peanuts*, Schulz's teaching is so subtle that, while there are plenty of lessons to be learned, we are not always sure what they are. Charlie Brown's friend Lucy characterizes our frequent inability to see these lessons, by saying, after practically using a magnifying glass to read a book of stories, "No matter how hard I try, I can't read between the lines."

Charlie Brown, his heart constantly set on winning, yet never winning anything—baseball games,



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friends, or kite-flying contests, with his T-shirt of thorns and globe-like head—is a good 20th-century symbol of Everyman. Lucy, rugged individualist and incurable optimist, has comments on all things and no-nonsense solutions for many. She can look a fact of life fearlessly in the face and wither Charlie Brown or her brother, Linus, with pragmatic pronouncements. In her dedication to Schroeder, however, she is vulnerable. Schroeder, in turn, lives only for his piano, upon which he plays the works of his beloved Beethoven.

The sensitive Linus, almost but not quite an intellectual, can admit he is insecure, but cannot give up the symbol of his insecurity, the blanket he carries which Lucy calls his "spiritual tourniquet."

Some readers interpret the dog, Snoopy, to be a Christ figure, but at most he is probably a "little Christ," a rather typical Christian with a few more "character traits" (the term Linus uses for foibles) than we would expect of divinity. But when Charlie Brown falls on the ice and cannot get home, it is Snoopy who rescues his friend. He is a "peculiar dog," says Charlie Brown, a term that is reminiscent of a Bible reference to Christians as "a peculiar people, zealous of good works" (Titus 2:14 KJV).

Certain theological motifs run throughout the strip. Appearing most frequently are expressions of the human side of the divine-human encounter traditionally described by the doctrine of original sin. For Charlie Brown's "whole trouble" does not come from anything he has *done* wrong. It lies deeper, it is a *state*, stemming from who he is. "The whole trouble with you is that you're *you*!" Lucy tells him. "Well, what in the world can I do about that?" he asks. "I don't pretend to be able to give advice," she replies. "I merely point out the trouble." Original sin means that basic human nature, in every individual, is not what it ought to be. Accordingly, it is not enough for a man to be born once; he must be born twice, or "born again." This is why *genuine* change in human attitudes is so very rare—sin has a far deeper, or more "original," hold on our lives than we would ordinarily like to think. This inability to really change one's own life is a constant theme in *Peanuts*.

The war between sin and righteousness that can thus go on within man is explained graphically by Lucy, who draws a picture of "the human heart," darkens one side, and tells Linus: "One side is filled with hate and the other side is filled with love. These are the two forces which are constantly at war with each other." Or, as St. Paul put it: "I see in my members another law at war with the law of my mind and making me captive to the law of sin which dwells in my members" (Romans 7:23).

Peanuts has been called "a child's garden of reverses" because it is concerned with sin and the spiritual death that is its wages. Sin here is the worshiping of that which is not God—which, of course, can include anything. All the little folks in *Peanuts* embody the tragic flaw of idolatry, and each collects his inevitable wages for pumping first-rate concerns into second-rate causes. Lucy idolizes Schroeder; Schroeder worships Beethoven; Charlie Brown bends his heart and soul toward winning; Linus has his heart wrapped up in his blanket. But even the "portable security" of Linus' blanket is prey to the precariousness and ambiguity of existence—or "the judgment of God," to put it another way. Snoopy snatches the blanket away; Lucy makes it into a kite that is accidentally released to orbit the globe; Linus' "blanket-hating grandma" constantly threatens it; and washday incapacitates it.

But the dreadful "sickness unto death" that is the consequence of sin does not always wait for the collapse of particular idols. More often, it is expressed as a kind of nameless or nebulous anxiety. Charlie Brown confesses that the one location in which he always feels out of place is—"earth!"

It is through this holy terror or spiritual death that one learns the dread of sin, and thus it is fear that teaches us to remember God's own program of salvation. Men always have rebelled against this harsh manner of teaching. Job cries out against God: "Thou hast

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turned cruel to me; with the might of thy hand thou dost persecute me" (Job 30:21). Yet it is also Job who finally tells us, "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom" (Job 28:28). The little people in *Peanuts* often show us how this valuable lesson is learned, as when Linus revolts against memorizing his part in the Christmas program until Lucy brandishes her clenched fist.

The author of Ecclesiastes tells us that all of man's hopes and dreams and efforts, apart from his fear of God, are "vanity and a striving after wind" (Ecclesiastes 2:11). Charlie Brown's hopes and dreams and efforts are quite literally "a striving after wind." For all of Charlie Brown's windy efforts seem to be summed up in his kites. None of them has ever quite gotten off the ground. They always meet the barrier of the tree, a literary and biblical symbol for the cross or Crucifixion, which can also be extended to symbolize the crucifixion of all *our* hopes, dreams, efforts, and false gods.

Charlie Brown's kites fall afoul of every imaginable kind of tree. Thus he would certainly understand the ancient Hebrew law from which Paul said Christ had delivered us: "Cursed be every one who hangs on a tree" (Galatians 3:13). This kind of curse does seem to be on Charlie Brown.

But for Charlie Brown, just as for the Christian, the tree that first seems to be an archenemy becomes our central support and refuge. As Lucy tells Linus, trees "prevent erosion, their wood is used to build beautiful houses, they provide shade from the sun, protection from the rain. And [as she sees Charlie Brown dolefully leaning against one] when life gets too hard, they are very good to lean against."

The central tone in *Peanuts* is "good grief"; and the redemptive element that transforms grief into good comes about through Snoopy. Being a dog, Snoopy is more lowly than the other members of the *Peanuts* crew, but at the same time this outward distinction seems to represent an infinite inward difference. As the "hound of heaven," Snoopy's job seems to be to afflict the comfortable and comfort the afflicted.

There are theological implications, also, in Linus' imaginary "Great Pumpkin," who will "bring toys to all the good little boys and girls" every Halloween. Linus admits he has been "guilty of heresy" when for the umpteenth consecutive year the "Great Pumpkin" fails to appear. When the "expected one" finally does arrive, it is only Snoopy, poking his head up out of the pumpkin patch.

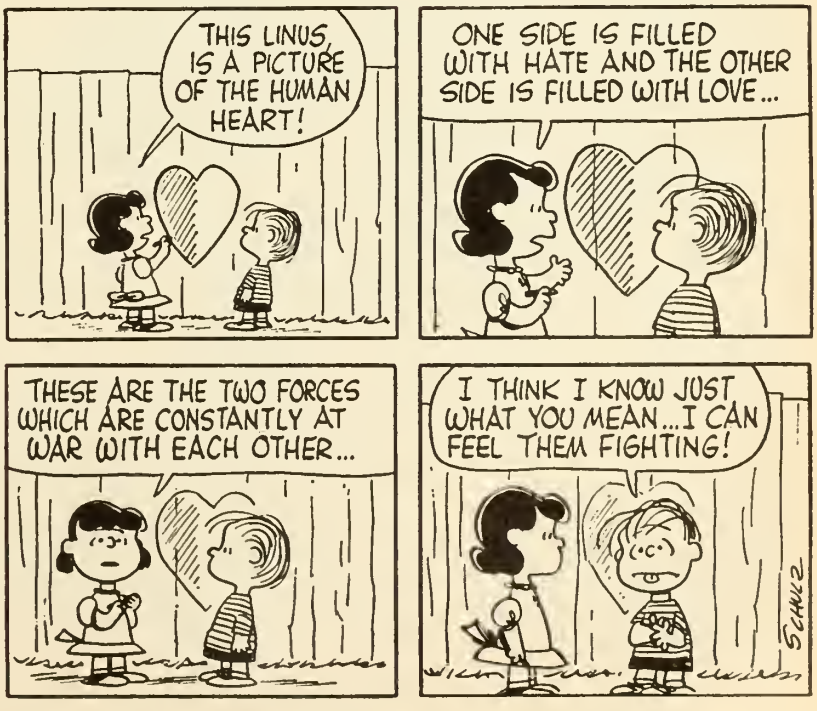
Snoopy has other humiliating experiences. One of them, in which he is repelled by his friends as he devotedly attempts to lick their hands, faces, and feet, is remarkably similar to the passage in John (13:8), in which Christ is attempting to wash the feet of his disciples: "Peter said to him, 'You shall never wash my feet.' Jesus answered him, 'If I do not wash you, you have no part in me.' Simon Peter said to him, 'Lord, not my feet only but also my hands and my head!'"

The Bible has used the dog as a symbol for faith because before a man can become a Christian he must take on the dog's watchfulness, his lowly obedience, loyalty to his master, and service to others. Snoopy knows this lowliness also means beatitude. Pondering "why some are born dogs while others are born people," he exclaims: "Why should *I* have been the lucky one?"

Far more theological undertones can be seen in the parables of *Peanuts*, but by this time others will want to try their own hands at "reading between the lines." I am sure everyone can enjoy the strip for its offbeat humor, whether he also enjoys looking for a deeper level of meaning or not. But the meaning is obviously there. For, as Mr. Schulz has put it, "Humor which does not say anything is worthless humor. So I contend that a cartoonist must be given a chance to do his own preaching."

The son of a St. Paul, Minn., barber, Schulz spent two years trying to get out of the eighth grade, and finally graduated from high school after flunking Latin, English, algebra, and physics.

His career as a cartoonist did not begin auspiciously, either. His high school rejected the cartoons he submitted for its yearbook. He took correspondence courses from an art school in Minneapolis, then was scooped up by the draft into World War II. His first art job was free lance and part time, doing lettering for a Roman Catholic comic magazine. One day the magazine bought a cartoon in which a little boy said: "Y' know Judy, I think I could learn to love you if your batting average was just a little higher." It set the pattern for today's *Peanuts*. □



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Detail from *The Crucifixion* by Pietro Perugino, National Gallery of Art, Mellon Collection—**April, 1963**

Christian Art Through the Ages

DURING long, dark centuries when few people could read, the biblical stories gained new dimensions for millions through the magnificent paintings and sculptures that are Christianity's precious heritage today.

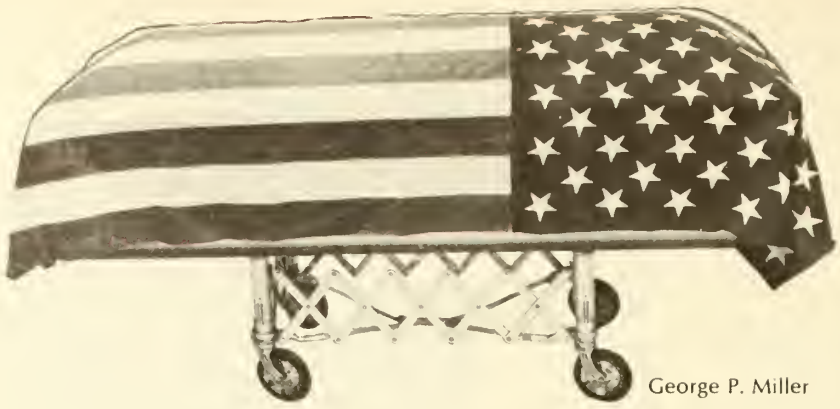
Some believe the church has produced little that is worthwhile in religious art during the recent past, that what we see is either saccharine and sentimental or harsh and inexplicable. But dedicated, serious artists do still work at presenting the message of our faith in new ways. Only time will tell whether the paintings of Italian masters such as Perugino (left) will speak more clearly to future generations than, for example, the modern concepts of India's Frank Wesley whose *Return of the Prodigal* is at right.

Since 1956, *Together* has liberally featured both old and new art—from Blake to Dali, Rembrandt to Sallman, Munkacsy to Rouault, along with others whose names are lost to antiquity. Seldom is there agreement between the experts and laymen as to what constitutes good Christian art.

But tastes in art change, and contemporary Protestantism—after several centuries of minimizing painting and sculpture—is discovering the importance of art in conveying the depth and meaning of the Christian experience. Thus, Protestantism has returned to a partnership which began soon after Christ when paintings by his persecuted followers appeared on the walls of Roman catacombs.

Frank Wesley—**June, 1971**

From March, 1967



George P. Miller

THANKS A LOT!

By BOB W. BROWN

THIS WHOLE business of war disturbs me. I was too young to be drafted in World War II or Korea. Now I'm a preacher, draft-exempt. I have never felt compelled to enlist as a chaplain. The truth is, I am not eager to see war firsthand.

As a Christian, I find the arguments for pacifism very persuasive. But there is a conflict within me. I can't see letting innocents be overrun by aggressors.

Anyway, I've been thinking a lot about it lately, especially since this kid from my hometown was killed in Viet Nam. He was 19. My parents knew him and thought a lot of him. My dad, a veteran, was pretty upset about the whole thing.

My hometown is a little Kentucky county seat. Nearly everyone is related by blood or marriage and, if they aren't kin, at least they come pretty close. They had a big military funeral for the boy.

This was in my mind the other morning when I read that a boy from here in Lexington had been killed. He was 19, too. I decided to go to his funeral. It was really an impulse. No one there knew me, nor did I know any of them. I just sat down in the back row of the chapel.

Ministers don't attend many funerals that someone else conducts. They ought to. It brings some things into focus. For instance, I noticed the fumbling, self-conscious way friends came. But they come, and that's what counts.

There were two or three teenage boys. They looked like bewildered children in spite of their long hair and austere expressions. One wanted to cry and chewed his lip until I thought it would bleed. They had to be friends of the dead soldier. He probably had that austere look once himself.

An organ was playing quiet hymns designed to comfort the bereaved. The dead soldier probably preferred rock 'n' roll. I looked at his young friends to see if they were reacting that way, but they were too hurt to listen or to care.

I felt more at ease when the minister started the service. His voice rose and fell as he read the familiar Scriptures. I wondered what he would say. What would I say? What does anyone say?

When a clergyman first begins a funeral service, the survivors always look up at him so anxiously, so expectantly. It is awesome. They look like they expect you to raise the dead, or at least say something miraculous that will heal the hurt. Their eyes beg for healing.

As you speak, you see them sink back into their sorrow and withdraw. They are not angry with you, though, for they know that no one can really share their sorrow or defeat their enemy.

Like the other listeners, I was comforted by the sound of the pastor's voice, but I couldn't concentrate on what he was saying. I looked over to where the family was sitting. The mother was a large woman, and her face was flushed. She swallowed rapidly several times, each time literally choking down her spasms of grief.

Unaccustomed to sitting still, she wanted to touch her son, to hold him, to scold him for enlisting in the army. I wanted to sit beside her and let her tell me about the boy. That would have helped her. She coughed and choked again and moved her ponderous weight in the chair. For some reason I thought of Mary, helpless at the foot of the cross.

The father was completely withdrawn. Not a tear. He was of average size, average appearance. You meet fellows like him every day and never notice or remember them. They put gas in your car, or sell you shoes, or fix your gutters, or deliver your mail. He was nobody to me. Or maybe he

was more to me than I ever could realize.

I wondered what he was thinking about. The pride he had felt when the boy was a baby, or the times the boy had sat in his lap, or maybe hit a double with the bases full? As I watched him, he winced nearly imperceptibly. Was it the realization of loss, or was it a painful memory? Like all fathers, he had failed at times. That painful thought would cause him to grimace.

A little girl about 10 sat by the father. A sister? I guess she wasn't as confused as she was afraid. Naked fear all over her little face, in her eyes and her shaking hands. Afraid of death and of her parents in this strange, somber mood. Afraid of the minister and the casket.

Death is for grown-ups, not children. Little girls should play dolls, skip rope, and wear frilly dresses. They should not be in funeral homes. Leave the wars and funerals for adults. They have lived enough and sinned enough to die.

When the minister finished his message, he led in prayer. The prayer was brief and I knew he was glad it was over. He had done his best, but it wasn't good enough. It never is.

The funeral director and an assistant moved the flowers and bolted the casket. In a matter of minutes, they had lined up the casket bearers, ushered the family to the cars, and had the procession on the road behind a police escort. Before we left, a janitor was vacuuming up the rose petals.

I joined the procession. By now I wanted to say something to the boy's family. They looked so lonely and afraid.

As we drove toward the national cemetery, my reactions became better focused. I was going to see the boy buried because I felt indebted to him. He had died for me and my kids. He deserved some respect.

The cars passed us by. They slowed down but didn't stop. A lineman on a utility pole looked down at us. A Greyhound rushed by on the other side. A woman mowing a yard glanced our way. Some boys were playing ball in a vacant lot. University students were hurrying to class. The disc jockey on my car radio was selling soft drinks.

The world was going on with business as usual. It bothered me. The kid was dead and maybe 50 people cared enough to stand by his grave. Someone should have told those other people that a hero was riding by. Maybe if they had known, they would have stopped . . . tipped their hats . . . saluted . . . raised the flag.

No, that is not the point. Heroes die so kids can play ball on vacant lots, and women can mow their grass, and students can learn or demonstrate, and disc jockeys can sell soft drinks. It is not heroic if the world stops when you go by. The fine sheen of courage loses its luster if it is marred by adoration and praise. Best that men go on their way. Heroes, even kids who die in a confusing war, would be embarrassed at flag-raising and hat-tipping.

The cemetery was a product of the Civil War. Not many graves have been opened there since World War II. It is out in the country—way out in the country.

This is not the contrived silence of a funeral chapel, where every noise is smothered by accoustical tile and the hum of an air conditioner. This is the silence of the woodlands. You can hear the birds and bugs and breezes.

The preacher read and prayed again. A young soldier down over the hill played taps. As he played, the old sexton folded the flag and laid it on the mother's lap. She pulled the flag to her big bosom and held it there like a baby.

I felt awkward now, and obvious. Somehow everyone seemed to look at me, but no one saw me. Viet Nam? I'm no politician or statesman. Maybe it's all wrong, our being there and all that. They will have to work it out at higher levels. But this kid died alone in a jungle 10,000 miles from home. Of that I'm sure. God help us all.

I walked over to the mother and father and took them by the hand. I wasn't acting the preacher. I was just a man with two youngsters of his own. "I came because I'm grateful," I said. "I didn't know your boy, nor do I know you, but thanks. Thanks a lot!" □

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B. Bhansali—**August, 1964**

The Beauty of the Earth...

From the first issue, we have shared with you the awe and grandeur of an earth alive with natural beauty, portraying our own favored land as well as the breathtaking wonders of the entire ocean-washed, cloud-flecked globe. Thanks to modern photography and recent advances in color printing, it has been possible to reproduce many hundreds of pictures of this kind—more, perhaps, than have been reproduced in any other church publication.

Many pictures have been pretty, yes, but they did not appear for the sake of prettiness alone. Rather, the beauty of the earth has been presented in *Together* with deep reverence for the Master Hand we

O. F. Oldendorph—**March, 1966**

sense behind all of nature. Thus, it has seemed to us, the leaf-strewn surface of a New England stream in autumn is like unto Oregon's sea-carved coastline; and the winds that sigh soft anthems in the misty cloudlands of the Great Smokies are forever the same as those that roll tumbleweeds across deserts where wild flowers bloom almost overnight when rare rains fall.

We believe that in the beauty of our earth, one can find relief for weariness of the mind, an antidote that restores sanity and spiritual balance, that lifts our thoughts above much that is ugly, tawdry, and false in the man-made world.

Above all, the abundance of natural beauty around us is a constant reminder of God's eternal, comforting love.

A few miles off the beaten path, high above a river valley,
he finds unspoiled grandeur where winds blow wild and free, and
distance lends blue-green enchantment to every horizon.

The View From Mt. Nebo

By HERMAN B. TEETER
Associate Editor

From July, 1967

DURING THE NIGHT, the storm struck the south end of the mountain, moaning and shrieking in the wind-gnarled pines around my cabin at the edge of the cliff. I awoke to rolling thunder, and to lightning so vivid I could tell the time—3 a.m.—and see treetops, like tossing blades of grass, in the valley nearly 2,000 feet below.

Forked fingers of light probed the valley, playing among the summit cliffs of lonely, uninhabited Spring Mountain to the west. Thunder growled down the chimney's rock throat and, thwarted, stalked away across the valley, grumbling.

I was alone on the mountain, as far as I knew, except for the park superintendent and his family—a long hike away through wind-lashed forest—and I liked it.

I had wanted to photograph the rising sun from a craggy point, half a mile away. Three hours before dawn I made a pot of coffee, burned an egg, fried toast in a skillet, and discovered there was no salt or sugar. No morning newspaper, radio, or television, either, and that didn't seem to matter at all.

Later, in morning darkness, I found my way by flashlight to partial shelter among trees and overhanging rocks. By 5:30 a.m., I could see the leading edge of the storm front moving 30 or 40 miles away to the east with sullen flarings and occasional angry bolts followed by thunder that reverberated time and again from mountain walls on all sides of me.

Now and then the gray clouds would part briefly and the broad valley, with its scattering of lights, would appear far below. In the misty half-dawn, the lights—ordinarily white—appeared as green gems floating in a sea of ink.

All over the area, rain was falling. It was raining on 2,800-foot Magazine Mountain, over the spring-fed headwaters of Little Buffalo and Big Buffalo, the White and Horsehead; it was slashing across Devil's Knob, and falling on the little mountain communities of Bass, Deer, Jerusalem, and Lost Corner. In the 1,065,000 acres of the Ozark National Forest, to the north, I knew the rangers would be changing the

fire danger signs from "very high" to nonexistent.

The cold rain that dripped from my nose and seeped under my collar to chill my backbone also was seeping down through thick carpets of oak leaves and moss, into limestone sinkholes and forest loam. It was raining on Petit Jean Mountain, across the valley, and sheets of rain obscured lonely Spring Mountain where ancient pear trees—planted and then deserted by early settlers—would soon be abloom. But nowhere on that forbidding height was there anyone to know.

Long after sunrise, the gray haze of water vapor lingered against the sun, and the electric eye of my camera repeatedly said "no" to any photograph. I went back to the cabin along a trail where mountain wild flowers nodded their heads in appreciation for every raindrop, and I sat beside the rock fireplace listening to the wind.

At this elevation, the wind blows almost all the time. It sings, sighs, howls, roars, and shakes this cabin of stone, on and of the mountain. The mountain is like a seashore, constantly subject to wind rather than waves, and it sounds here even when calm, hot days fall upon the valley.

Down there somewhere under the scudding clouds, dogwood is in full flower. When I saw it yesterday banked against the eastern heights of the mountain, I was reminded of snowfields that linger in the sun.

From a distance, my mountain is the same blue, monolithic, forested giant that loomed always on the horizons of my youth. But time and weather, including this morning's heavy rain, have been at work. Every decade or so some giant boulder comes crashing down a precipitous slope and through the trees. No longer, for instance, can I find my way down a rockslide to a little cave-balcony where I once whiled away summer afternoons watching the buzzards ride the updrafts hour after hour with scarcely a movement of their great wings.

In the late afternoon, when the sun came out, I went to the north end of the mountain and looked down on the new lake that thrusts liquid fingers into all the valleys and hollows formed by the down-flowing Ozark streams. Far beyond the lake, now teeming with fish, are Arkansas' deep-blue mountain ranges that feed Big Piney, Little Piney, the Mulberry, the Illinois, Hurricane Creek, and smaller streams. In none is there a trace of industrial waste.

"The day was beautiful. Sunny and mild. Wind whipped around the cabin of the boat. The stern churned a sparkling wake in the water. . . . But as the boat approached the industrial area with air filled with putrid odors from chemical and petroleum plants . . . smoke from the steel mills reinforced the sickening odors and dirtied the sky . . . The water was dark and ugly with oil and many varieties of filth."

—Donald M. Schwartz, *Chicago Sun-Times*

Many have said they climb mountains "because they are there," but no one has explained why some of us go merely to sit on a mountain, to meditate, to thoroughly enjoy a view from some unspoiled wrinkle in the earth's crust.

If there are any psychiatrists reading this, please don't bother to explain. For 40 years—at least once a year, frequently more often—I have come to sit on this mountain, to walk and climb and look out over a world I can no more reach out and touch at the moment than I can sift the sands of Mars through my fingers.

From this rocky cliff top, I have seen the sun rise scores—perhaps hundreds—of times, and I have seen it go down just as often. This mountain, that valley, these trees and rocks, this almost endless view, does something *for* me, and there are no words to express exactly what. Renewal of inner resources, inspiration, relaxation, wonder—words like these fit loosely, or hang on like faded labels.

This morning, as I await another sunrise, the entire mountain is alive with bird calls. As the massive bulk of the earth heaves sunward, a scarlet glow mounts toward the zenith long before the red rim of the sun appears over the crest of a distant mountain. Far below, the valley remains puddled in night, but finally the multiple mirrors of the serpentine river, and the round farm ponds, catch the light. Dawn seeps into places I know so well—New Hope, Bethel, Pisgah, Pottsville, Dardanelle, Russellville.

"The hour is late and the agony of the land is intense. Most Americans have long assumed that the waste of resources was curbed and that victory over greed and wantonness was achieved in the days of Theodore Roosevelt. Nothing could be farther from the truth."

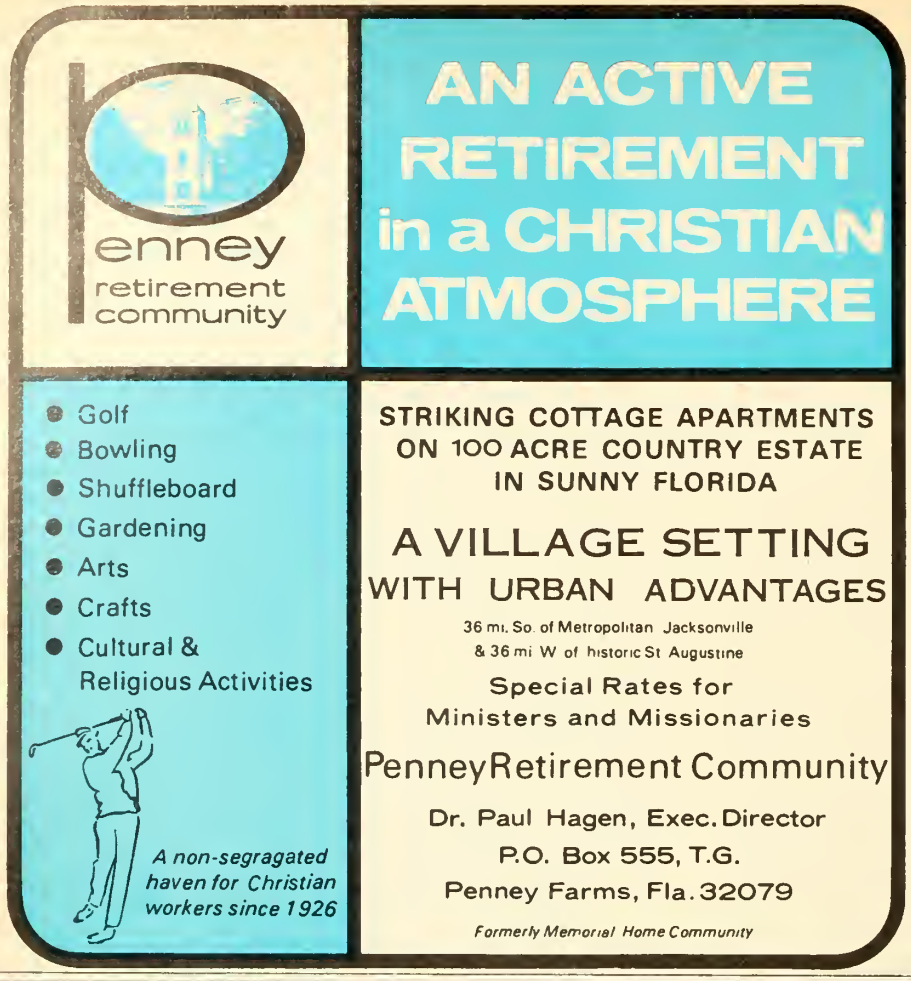
—Harry M. Caudill

I am vitally concerned about what goes on down there in the valley. It is home country, and I want to keep coming back as additional years are granted to me. I do not want to find here what I have seen in the great cities to the north and east. I do not want to see this new lake die as beautiful Lake Erie died, as the pendant jewel of Lake Michigan may be dying. I do not want to find "No Swimming—Polluted Water" signs posted at Long Pool or Blue Hole, or anywhere else up and down these clear rivers.

My ancestors were among the people who helped settle the valley. God-fearing folks that they were, they named this mountain Nebo, recalling a mountain fastness that hides the grave of the biblical Moses. My forefathers fought the trees in the valley—the huge oaks, sweet gums, persimmons, hickories, walnuts, maples, and cottonwoods. They broke their backs and their hearts clearing new ground—hardest of all pioneer labors.

All that—the wholesale destruction of trees—has changed, except where the careless or the pyromaniac still set fires. As a boy, I saw Nebo glint and glisten in the night like some monstrous ember as flames ate through timber and underbrush. I saw the town's sewage empty into the beautiful Illinois River.

The young men and their elders in my hometown,



eo-operating with state and national eonservationists, have treated their valleys and mountains well. No longer do week-long fires burn along the flanks of this mountain. No longer does the sewage of a rapidly growing town pour into a river. Instead, there is a $2.5 million sewage treatment plant. And from the two new factories on the edge of town, I see not even a wisp of smoke this bright morning in mid-April.

"But something *is* happening to our atmosphere, even here," says Coy Hodges, the park superintendent. "Ten years ago, here on Nebo, it seemed you could look out and see forever in any direetion. Now most of the time there is a sort of haze that elears up only when it rains. The wind moves it in from the dusty plains, perhaps from Fort Smith or Tulsa not too far west of us."

". . . with increasing amounts of waste products concentrated in areas with growing populations, the relative effects of these wastes on man are increasing at an ever-expanding rate. These rates are of an insidious nature, a form of creeping paralysis which, if not recognized and corrected, can lead to urban stagnation and death as surely as the most violent epidemic."

—A Panel of
Distinguished Scientists

The southeast wind this morning is cool, moisture laden, seemingly as pure as it was at the dawn of ereation. Is it possible that only last week I was threading my way to and from work on an expressway near Chicago, ears speeding to the right and left, in front and behind, turning in and out, losing themselves in a yellowish haze that this same southeast wind brings in from steel mills and industrial eomplexes near the eity?

The nation is distressed. But here, still, are the forests, the rivers, the singing pines, the mountains—all relatively unspoiled.

Sinee boyhood, I have ranged far and wide from this eountry, the one great mountainous area between the Rockies and the Smokies. In the Smokies and the Cumberlands, also, I have found something of what I find here—something in the great out-of-doors. I

have seen it and felt it from high trails and from other bluffs, but any who share my affection for the hills and streams of home will understand that nowhere else is that emotion quite so deep.

Here, long ago, I took an old mud scow on a float trip down the Illinois River. Floating down one stretch of rapids thrilled me so much that I worked an hour to push the flat-bottomed boat up there again for one more ride.

Here, as a boy, I followed the zigzag, stair-step course of mountain streams such as Big Piney. Like most around here, its downhill rush is interrupted now and again by long blue pools that stretch into shallow gravel shoals.

I grew up with John Gardner, now a local dentist. But he also is the most enthusiastic and well-informed amateur botanist I have ever known. On less than an acre of flowering, well-tended lawn around his white-columned home, he has planted 90 varieties of shrubs, and 100 varieties of trees.

Fond as he is about all things growing in the earth, John Gardner does not go along with those who would preserve large wilderness areas accessible only by foot or horseback.

"Recently I conducted a tour into the Ozarks, pointing out and identifying some of the rare flowers and trees," he said. "If the road hadn't been there, the trip would not have been possible. For advocates of total, roadless wilderness, I can only wave my hand at more than a million acres of managed forests and streams in Ozark National Forest. All people should have access to the wonders of nature that remain."

"Our resource problems in the 1960s are measured by the flyway of a bird, the length of a river, the half-life of an element, the path of a wind, the scope of the oceans, the shape of our cities. The years ahead will require both public and private conservation statesmanship of a high order."

—Stewart Udall
Secretary of the Interior

Last night, for the last time, I went down to Sunset Point and watched the south wind lay down a white carpet at my feet. The clouds moved in to obscure the treetop sea of greenery that sweeps away to break into a crest atop mysterious Spring Mountain. One by one the little lights in the valley were hidden from view, leaving only the stars above. Then a second cloud front rushed in like some titanic wave, breaking into fine mist among the wind-twisted trees.

I walked back to the cabin through cloud country, under ghostly pines that dripped condensation like a gentle rain. I put match to paper and wood, and then—as flames roared up the rock chimney—knew I had been able to return home once again.

You *can* go home again, you know—not to the town of your boyhood, now doubled in population, where almost every face on the street is that of a stranger; not for long, even, to the childhood friends who remain there, whose interests and associations you no longer may share.

But you can go back, as I do, to your lakes, your rivers, and your mountains—if you are fortunate, and if your fellowmen have been wise in protecting that which we have the power to destroy, but not to re-create . . . not even in a million years. □

EPILOGUE: *Almost seven years later, the view of unbroken forest between Mt. Nebo and its twin, lonely Spring Mountain, has been slashed and marred by metal towers carrying transmission lines, apparently from two nuclear power plants now under construction in the valley. The two plants—including a giant cooling tower for Unit 2—are clearly visible several miles away across Lake Dardanelle. Although millions are being spent to avoid possible thermal pollution, the eventual effect, if any, of warm water discharge on the ecological systems of this huge recreational lake is unknown. Thus, once again, two vital human needs come into conflict—our need for natural beauty versus our need for more and more electrical energy.* H.B.T.

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From July, 1968

The American Woman

1968

IN THIS LAST third of the 20th century there is no "typical American woman." Contrary to the cult of youth, even to the assumption that some traits are masculine and others feminine, America's 74 million women and girls over 14 are of all ages, shapes, sizes, talents, and temperaments. And each must be a bewildering variety of different persons during her lifetime.

Playing these various roles, sometimes several of them simultaneously, she writes her own lines and directs her own action because she lives in a world threatening to explode, and in a time when change is putting all traditional values under serious question.

She gets the same education as her brother. Then she discovers that what she has learned frustrates her more than it helps her in becoming a successful wife, mother, and homemaker. Struggling to learn how to be these, she is told by experts that home and family cannot possibly offer a full-time career—she must go out and get a job if she is to repay society for her existence and fulfill herself as a person. Out, then, and working for a paycheck, other experts warn her that her children are suffering because she is not at home.

She has less control over her children in any case. School takes them earlier and earlier, and their after-school hours are full of structured activities. At the same time, her husband gives her less help with them than her father gave her mother. He is making more business trips than his father did, spending more hours commuting and working late, taking more advanced business and professional courses. Or if he is not doing these things, he may be holding down two jobs to keep up with living costs.

Magazines, newspapers, and television offer the American woman endless advice on how to catch and hold a husband, how to be a loving and not overly permissive or possessive mother, how to be a participating member of society. She hears correspondingly little addressed to men on how they should find and keep a wife, or to children on how to understand their mothers. The implication is clear. She is the one who has to prove herself—as John's wife, Mary's mother, Mr. Smith's secretary, the good neighbor next door. The proving leaves her little time to discover who she really is, or wants to be.

The woman who does not marry has less complicated problems of identity, more independence—and less social status. Her married sisters often regard her with a mixture of suspicion, envy, and pity. Unwelcome in the married woman's mind is the recognition that she probably will outlive her husband and one day will be alone, too.

Because women marry earlier, rear their families sooner, and live longer than their mothers, they have extra years. Only then are many able to find their individuality. Fewer and fewer of them are just playing out their time with more bridge. It is accepted that the mature woman will involve herself in constructive activities, and will tackle them woman-style—which means she will be intuitive, subjective, sensitive to relationships, and often able to accomplish more through relationships than by direct action.

The American woman, like all women, is an enigma to man, often a riddle to herself. Preoccupied with childbearing and rearing for so many years of her life, she is more aware than man of the past and future. Remembering that woman has been the domesticator and civilizer throughout history, she cannot take seriously any attempt by man to diminish her. This is her strength, and her weakness.

American women, envied by other women in the world for their status, still are second-class citizens under some laws, and still are enmeshed in a man-oriented culture. They will not change this pattern by threatening men. Rather they must prove, in all their relationships, that men and women complement each other, are necessary to each other, and are equally the beloved children of God.—*Helen Johnson*

William G. Larson—**July, 1968**

Reflections on Becoming a Woman...

How will it be for me? Will I be famous, beautiful? Will I be loved? Being on the edge of the future is like standing alone on the shore of a sea.

There are strange lights and shadows in its depths. But the line of light on the horizon beckons ... I must go!

Together: 1969-73

The Recent Years

By Paige Carlin
Acting Editor, *Together*

UNION of the Evangelical United Brethren (EUB) and Methodist churches in 1968 brought with it the unification of the two churches' publishing programs. In February, 1969, *Church and Home*, the EUB family magazine, ceased publication and its readers began receiving *Together*. The unusual cover on that February issue (a two-page gatefold like the one on the magazine you're now holding) portrayed in art the common heritage which EUBs and Methodists had shared from Revolutionary times.

With the merger of the two magazines, *Together* welcomed to its staff the *Church and Home* editor, Dr. Curtis A. Chambers. He came to us as assistant editorial director, then was named editor after Richard Underwood accepted a position with Boston University in July, 1969. Later, in 1972, Dr. Chambers was assigned the dual role of editor and editorial director following Dr. Ewing T. Wayland's move to the General Council on Finance and Administration.

During the four years of Curtis Chambers' editorship, some of *Together*'s most creative work was done in special-emphasis issues. It was one of these special issues—on protecting and preserving the environment—which helped win Associated Church Press honors for the magazine in 1972. This ACP Award of Merit for general excellence was not *Together*'s first but it was one of the most significant points of recognition during the 17-year span. Three honorable mentions from ACP judges the same year included one for Associate Editor Herman B. Teeter's novelette, *Lost Dominion*, a major feature in the special environmental issue. Other honorable mentions were for the best use of photography and for Dr. Chambers' December, 1971, editorial, *Bethlehem, Calvary, and Attica*.

In the participatory style of the times, a staff task force headed by one of *Together*'s associate editors handled major responsibility for planning each of the special issues. Newman S. Cryer was chief planner for the environmental special, published in January, 1971. News Editor John A. Lovelace led the task force which prepared *The Church Is . . .* [November, 1971], a composite layman's-eye view of United Methodism based on numerous interviews with church members throughout the country.

A special emphasis on the problems of America's elderly [June, 1972] was planned with Herman Teeter as the task-force chairman and Helen Johnson as a major contributor after she participated in the 1971 White House Conference on

Aging. Martha A. Lane planned and did much of the writing for a special report, *What Hope for the American Criminal?* [November, 1972], collaborating with Art Editor Robert C. Goss and Picture Editor George P. Miller in preparation of theme-setting cover pictures both for that issue and for the special Discipleship issue of March, 1973. Art, picture, and managing editors participated extensively in the planning and execution of all five special emphases.

Most monthly issues, of course, have not been specials, and in these the editors' goal has been in part to reflect the rich variety of United Methodism's people and the wide range of their interests and concerns. Major space was given to such topics as *Where We Are in Evangelism* [April, 1971] and the Lay Witness movement [February, 1972] and also to pieces like Associate Editor James F. Campbell's firsthand report on *Black Capitalism—Omaha* [March, 1972] and Martha Lane's roundup on

The Church and Low-Income Housing [May, 1972].

In March and August-September issues this year, the contrasting styles of two lively, witnessing congregations—Faith United Methodist in Phoenix, Ariz., and First Church, Collingswood, N.J.—were reported with equal sympathy.

To enable individual United Methodists to make their views more widely known, the *Stimulus/Response* format was introduced in 1971 and the *Say It!* column was added in 1972.

Early this year, not long after the United Methodist Board of Publication authorized creation of a new magazine to replace *Together* in 1974, Editor Chambers was asked to accept election as executive secretary of United Methodism's new Joint Committee on Communications. He moved to that post last July. As this final issue of *Together* is being printed, the publication board is choosing his successor.

I have acted as *Together*'s editor in an interim capacity since July, and this has included presiding over the preparation of this final issue. A word about that seems in order. This issue is the result of strenuous efforts by many members of the editorial staff and, as Herman Teeter observes in his *Seventeen Years With Together* [page 1], the task has been far more complex than we at first imagined.

The issue is segmented into three parts, each corresponding to the incumbency of one of *Together*'s editors, and we have tried for a sampling of articles and pictures representative of the magazine's entire 17-year history. Appropriately, we think, more space has been devoted to material from the early and middle years than from more recent issues. We hope you will understand; we're confident Dr. Chambers will. □

The pat or kiss that heals a child's hurts is equally comforting to the old.

The Power of a Gentle Touch

By Frances Fowler Allen

ALMOST EVERYBODY cuddles babies. Few people willingly touch the old, yet they need it so desperately. Long after sight, hearing, speech, mental faculties are lost or impaired, the sense of touch remains.

Touch seems the first of the senses to awaken; the last to die. The newborn baby touches his mother's breast with grasping mouth, little kneading hands. Later he explores, by touch, his own nose, his mouth, his blanket, all of his world that he can reach. The little child is comforted by touch—the pat and kiss "makes it well" when he's hurt, the clasp of loving arms when thunder roars, steadying grown-up hands when he first totters across a room.

Likewise to the old, returned to childhood, touch is sometimes all that is left of the outside world. When our family doctor visited my mother in her last illness, she was showing no sign of consciousness. He lifted her limp hand, placed it upon his vital one upon the bed. Gently he called her name. "If you know me," he said, "just press my hand." Awed, I saw her fingers flutter as she obeyed. Later I tried this myself, astounded at the strong grasp from my mother whom I had thought was beyond all human response.

In spite of their exaggerations, perhaps "sensitivity groups" have something. And family and friends feel a real spirit of communication when they join hands to say grace about the table or sing a song. A vital spark seems to pass from hand to hand.

In stories of Jesus' healing miracles, how often touch is highlighted! He touched the hand of Peter's mother-in-law, and the fever left her (Matthew 8:14, 15). He took the daughter of Jairus by the hand, saying, "Child, arise," and her spirit returned (Luke 8:54, 55). Then there was the leper, obliged by law to ring a bell if he came into the crowded city so no one by accident should touch him. Desperate hope brought him to kneel before Christ saying, "Lord, if you will, you can make me clean." Then Jesus "stretched out his hand and touched him"—the untouchable!—saying, "I will; be clean" (Matthew 8:2, 3).

If touching is so important, why don't we more often touch the old and lonely? Let's face it, many old people are physically unattractive. Old hands are thin and claw-like, wrinkled skin unappealing, old eyes watery. Sparse hair thinly covering a freckled scalp is not a crown of glory! Younger people have to overcome some repulsion. However, it can be done.

Martha was a practical nurse in a nursing home for old people, a middle-aged, overworked, gruff, no-nonsense person. Many of the other nurses were more highly trained in professional skills. Yet when Martha plodded around the wards on her tired flat feet, trembling old arms were held out to her, faces upturned to her worn homely face, quavering voices called, "Martha! Martha!" And she, knowing the heart-hunger, the cold, the loneliness of the old, was lavish with her touch. Usually she only patted a cheek or pushed the hair back from a forehead, but sometimes she sensed a special need and gave a real hug. Also, she praised, seeming to find something to admire in the unlovely. "Martha told me I had pretty arms when she gave me my bath today," a once-beautiful woman confessed shyly. "I . . . appreciated that. Nowadays" (wryly she looked down on her half-paralyzed body), "I don't get many compliments."

I was making many visits to Martha's nursing home because my mother was living (if you can call it that) there. I dreaded the visits more than words can tell. To me the nursing home seemed a quiet Dante's *Inferno*. All afternoon the more able-bodied old people sat, vacant eyed, in the stifling heat of the living room where a television set turned loud for failing ears blasted constantly, and canned TV laughter cackled.

The moment I arrived on one especially low Sunday, Mrs. Baxter, who thought the nursing home was her family home, assailed me: "I simply cannot ask you to stay to dinner. My staff isn't prepared for so many. This is *my* house my dear father left me. I'll call the police and have you evicted."

I avoided looking at toothless Mr. Dunn, whose cheerfulness made me angry. I strode past Mr. Barnes in his wheelchair, his slipping blanket revealing amputated legs, past Mrs. Canby rocking and nursing her rag doll and Mrs. Scott who could not speak without swearing. I shut my ears while passing the room where an old German lady lay all day crooning to herself in the language of her childhood, occasionally calling out: "Vasser! Vasser!" I was repelled by all of them. I prayed to feel differently.

The following week I read somewhere: "We must carry our crosses, not just drag them along." Could this apply to my Sunday-afternoon nightmares? Should I try Martha's method, the method of a greater one than Martha, the power of a gentle touch?

The following Sunday, feeling foolish, I made my way around the living room circle, greeting each one, shaking hands. The response shook me to the soul. Eyes I

George P. Miller

had thought dull as marbles kindled, wrinkled hands returned my clasp. Week after week, as I repeated the little ceremony, I learned to care for my old folks. I also learned whatever I *said* to them mattered little. They wanted someone to touch their hands, look into their eyes, greet them by name. Those whom I had thought speechless—even the irrational ones—responded.

Mrs. Baxter decided to give a dinner party for all these strangers in her home, rather than call the police. She would use her best silver, she promised. Mr. Barnes reminisced about the days he had two good legs and was a roofer, up high in the sunshine.

When I admired her crocheted apron, Mrs. Scott told me without a single cussword, "Time was when I did a lot of fancywork, but then I lost my father and husband and my little girl all in one year; seems like I couldn't take up my needle again." Toothless Mr. Dunn informed me he was 90. "My sons brought me here to die two years ago. I fooled 'em and got well. Ever since I keep spry by helping nurses tote the trays, and bringing her in that little room a cup of cold water."

At last one Sunday I passed that little room. Winter dusk was falling, the lights had not yet been turned on. It was the saddest time of day. The old woman looked so small and flat under the gray blanket. Her large dark eyes seemed to follow me. Was she trying to say something? On impulse I went in, bent over her. "Vasser?" I asked. Her hand, brown-flecked, dry as a dead leaf, lay palm up on the blanket. I took it in both my own. It was cold. She looked up, recognition in eyes I'd always thought so vacant. "Nein," she said. Then she continued in English. Perhaps for all of us she voiced our deepest need. "I'm lonesome. Just hold my hand." The gentle touch! □

From June, 1970

Letters From Elsewhere *by Herman B. Teeter*

'I Myself have Counted it All up...and in the Mail I May have Won $117,450.32'

Deer Editur:

One thing nice I can say about your *Together* magazine, Mr. Editur, is that you havent wrote me and said I may already have won $50,000 and a free trip to the Bermuders or somers like that if onley I will send in my 4 Luckie Numbers and $15.00 for a 5 year suscription.

Your magazine is about the onley 1 that has not did this and therefour I wish to Xpress my deep apreciation since I and several of my naybors is either drove about crazy or into bankruptsy by all the things we may have already won during the past winter, which has been a real hard one.

Things was froze solid and the rodes was not passible for most of the month of Feb., Xcept for the mail man who sports a 4-wheel drive, and therefour their wasnt nothing much for anybody to do but set at home in front of their farplace and dream about all the money, trips, cars, tv sets, and $200.00 per month for life they may already have won according to the mail they was recieving.

I myself have counted it all up, Mr. Editur, and found that since last Oct. in the mail I may have won $117,450.32 if I had ordered the records, cyclopedias, and magazines that was so generously offered me. This sometimes keeps me wide eyed awake in bed at night or causes me to toss restless on the sofa after Sun. dinner.

But you should see what it has did to Froggie Fenton, formerly a prosperus and sustantial citizen and solid piller of the Elsewhere United Methodist Church who has literal gone to peaces in 3 mos. time. I went to visit Froggie one p.m. last week to ast him why he was not keeping up his pledge to the church like he always done until now, and also to pick up a item or 2 as Elsewhere coresptd. for the Weekly Clarion to which I am generously rewarded with a free anual suscription for my trouble.

Well, I could tell that Froggie was in dire straights the minit I was admitted to his parlor which looked like it was a warehouse for a Seers Rowbuck or a Woolwerth 5 & 10.

"Did you notise, Hegbert, has the maleman come?" Froggie ast me before I could even say howdy, ast him about his pledge or if he knew any news.

"No he has not came yet," I replied. "Was you Xpecting a important leter Froggie?"

"I am due to recieve 30 LP records in the Great Tresury of Operyatic Music, plus a all-Xpense trip to Hawaii for me and my wife who has just now up and left me for reasons unknown," Froggie said.

He was shaking like a leaf and ringing his hands.

"Froggie you cant play no records. You dont have no Vicktrola."

"I could buy me 1 with the money I am about to receive from the big New York company which wrote and said the Fenton family is one of the select few in the Elsewhere community eligible to receive a $1,000 cash award, plus numerous other prises, and may already be a winner in the 1970 Grand Sweepstakes."

Yes, I told Froggie, you are among the select few which includes the Clutters, Freemans, Casons, Browns, Sullivans, Creekmores, Logans, Walkers, and Goosenberrys, which just about takes care of everybody hereabouts. "Not one of them" I declared, "has won a holiday trip, $200 per month for life, color tv set, long range 15-transister radio, or pocket pen flashlight even."

Well, Froggie set down on a big box of books which he hadnt opened yet marked "The Homemakers Encyclopedia, Vols. I through 36," which he was one of the select few permitted to buy, and begun to moan and carry on.

"Hegbert," he said, "I have fought the good fight, but I am at the end of my row. I am in need of a preacher, doctor, or brain surgon, which ever is handiest. I cannot pay my church pledge for which I know you have came hear, and if I was not so proud I would ast you to let me borry 5 or 10 dollars for a few days. Just look in my billfold. It is as bare as old Baldy Mt. in January."

"Froggie," I said, "if I loant you any money they wouldnt be no room for it in that billfold, it is so stuffed

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with credit cards. Let us get in your car and run over to Bro. Viktors and see if he can pray you out of this mess."

"My car aint here," Froggie said. "My boy Flip is out driving it. I told him to run it up hill and down hill and thru the hollers until the tank was empty and we could have it filled up again with Supreme Gas at the L & R Service Station which is giving anyone $5,000 if they have all the pitchers of the presidents, which I now have 3 or 4 of everybody already Xcept Andrew Johnson. Can you tell me Hegbert why it is that they dont never give me the one with the pitcher of Andrew Johnson on it so I can win the big prise?"

I hated to leave Froggie sunk so low and no questions answered but I thought I had better hurry over and inlist the aid of Bro. Viktor.

"Hegbert," Bro. Viktor said, "This thing is a curse and a adomnation. Even the widow Wagner has suscribed three times this year to the Farm & Family Digest Monthly magazine and aint got nothing in return but 3 copies of it in her mail box every month."

"You know, Bro. Viktor," said I, "sometimes I think they ought to be a comandment against it. Do you reckon Moses didnt git down off Sinia Mt. with all the comandments the Lord give him? Maybe Moses slipped on a rock or some wet grass when he come down off Sinia and broke a comandment or 2."

Bro. Viktor said he wouldnt go so far as to say that. "The Lord covered everything pretty well in a few words, Hegbert. All we got to do is study upon them words. Take covet, for incidence. That word covers a heap of ground."

Bro. Viktor reached for his hat. "Well, so long Hegbert. I'd better mosey on over and see what I can do to help Froggie fight this dred compulsion of his."

I dont know, Mr. Editur. Sometimes I wisht the Lord would have put a kind of P.S. on the 10 comandments, saying "Thou shouldst know thou also may not already be a winner!"

Anyway, it shure wood of helped poor old Froggie and a lot of other folks down hear at Elsewhere.

Sinserely yours,
H. Clutter

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Approaching the Lord's Table

By JOHN L. KNIGHT

IN CELEBRATING Holy Communion, we follow the practice of the earliest Christians. The service, even today, is patterned after the Last Supper of our Lord with his disciples, and we continue it in response to his admonition that the bread and the wine have special significance for all who partake in memory of him.

There is no uniformity among Christians as to either the proper mode of observing the Lord's Supper or the interpretation of its spiritual significance. Its meaning may be different for each person receiving Communion, or even for the same person on different occasions.

Historically, there are many ways of interpreting this Sacrament, and among them are six moods of the spirit by which one might approach the Lord's table.

George P. Miller

The *devotional* mood, with its emphasis upon the word "Communion," implies a mystical communion between the Christian and his Lord. This spiritual oneness with Christ is a consistently unmistakable element in the long tradition of Holy Communion. It is so paramount an element that the medieval church developed the doctrine of transubstantiation, or miraculous change, to dramatize it by ritual and miracle. The early reformers modified this doctrine to reject the theological implications of its mechanism, but they maintained the validity of the Sacrament as a means of grace whereby the Christian may experience a mystical communion with his Lord, if the spiritual condition and devotional earnestness of the believer are right. Hence we pray, "so to partake of this Sacrament of thy Son Jesus Christ, that we may walk in newness of life, may grow into his likeness, and may evermore dwell in him, and he in us."

A second approach is in the mood of *gratitude,* with its emphasis upon "Eucharist." In the more liturgical branches of the church, particularly the Roman Catholic, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is referred to as the Holy Eucharist, and the word "Eucharist" finds its rootage in the Greek word which means "thanks." The Holy Eucharist is a feast of thanksgiving in testimony of what God has wrought in Jesus Christ. Reflection upon the sacrifice and death of the Christ, what he means to the Christian and to all mankind, leads to deep gratitude, which in turn prompts repentance and reformation.

Third is the *memorial* approach. The mood of memory puts emphasis upon the admonition of the Lord, "Do this in remembrance of me." So this Sacrament is a ritual of memory. Unfortunately, for some Christians it is no more than this, but this does not obscure the importance to the Christian of focusing his thoughts on the Master, his teachings and ministry, his life and death. Participation in Holy Communion in memory of him prompts a contrition of heart, a call to duty, and a constancy of discipleship.

A fourth approach to Holy Communion is in a mood of *fellowship,* as Christians gather about the table of their Lord to bear witness to their unity in him. This is the Christian community affirming its faith and its oneness in Christ. The bond of fellowship is exhibited and strengthened as, side by side, members of that community take the loaf and the cup. The celebration of Worldwide Communion in recent years has become more meaningful as Christians become increasingly aware that the bond of Christ unites them in a fellowship of faith with Christians of every race, color, nation, and clime.

A fifth approach to Communion is in the mood of *dedication* or *commitment.* In a very real sense, a declaration of intent is implied in this Sacrament. The words of the ritual invite, "Ye that do truly and earnestly repent of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbors, and *intend to lead a new life* [Italics added—Ed.] following the commandments of God . . ." In approaching the Lord's table, we declare our intent. In the closing prayer of the ritual we articulate this commitment: ". . . here we offer and present unto thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and living sacrifice unto thee." Holy Communion involves commitment.

A sixth approach to the Lord's table is in the mood of *renewal.* When in the need of spiritual refreshment and reinvigoration, there is no better place to renew our inner resources and our Christian convictions than at the Lord's table. There, in the mystical presence of the Christ, we can be thankful for his grace, taking bread and wine in his memory. In company with fellow Christians who stand and kneel and pray at our side, we publicly affirm our commitment to him, and seek strength to be faithful followers of Jesus Christ. □

The Church 'In All the World'

Jesus said: "Go therefore and make disciples of all nations." Centuries later, the founder of Methodism said: "I look upon all the world as my parish."

John Wesley could not have visualized the extent of the church's global ministry; but Methodists, as Bishop Arthur J. Moore, wrote: ". . . have every right to be proud of that procession of spiritual heroes and heroines whose eyes were on far horizons . . . No range of mountains has been high enough to stay their progress; no rivers deep and broad enough to daunt them; no forests dark and dense enough to withstand their advance."

Through the years, in pictures and prose, *Together* has told the story of Methodists in mission, past and present. When the World Methodist Council meets in Singapore in 1976, it will include 59 member churches in 87 countries.

Lorraine Dury—**October,**

Don Collinson—**May, 1968**

Leland D. Case—**April, 1962**

From April, 1972

Missionary To Myself

By BARBARA DODDS STANFORD

GOD AND I had always agreed about the plans for my life. Even before I entered kindergarten, I was certain that I was called to be a missionary—probably to South America. So I was frustrated and discouraged when during my last year of college everything seemed to go wrong. My denominational board was no longer sending unmarried women to Latin America. Next I decided to apply to the Peace Corps, but I was promptly rejected because of a rather minor case of asthma.

Then I read about a special program to train teachers for East Africa. I fitted the qualifications exactly. Certain that this was the perfect vocational choice, I filled out the application without even bothering to spend any time in prayer. It was not until I had the application ready to mail that I became aware of that inner empty feeling telling me that I was not in tune with the Holy Spirit. I could not mail the application.

When I went home for Easter, I was annoyed that my mother, who usually was helpful in my spiritual crises, could not understand my desire to go to Africa.

"There are plenty of people who need good Christian teachers right here. If you want a challenging job, you don't need to go across the ocean to find it. Right across the river is all the challenge you will ever need."

Mainly to quiet her nagging, and for a little adventure, I made an appointment with the school personnel office in St. Louis. Determined to sabotage the interview, I wore sloppy clothes and did everything wrong.

"Would you be willing to teach in an integrated school?" the personnel director at one point asked.

"Of course," I replied, self-righteously. With amazing eagerness, he picked up the telephone and arranged an interview with a high-school principal.

Vashon High School turned out to be a large six-story factory building. It did not look like a school, and it did not look very integrated. Suddenly I understood the glint in the personnel director's eye: the school became integrated when I walked through the door.

It was strange to be totally surrounded by black people. My eyes did not seem to work quite right.

On the second floor I met a large elderly woman wearing a housedress. I assumed she was a janitress, but she was nice and offered to show me around. Soon I realized that she knew too much to be a janitress. "I'm the head of the English department," she told me. I eventually learned that Mrs. Richie had received her master's degree from Columbia University and is one of the most intelligent and best educated people in the teaching profession. When she introduced me to the principal, I could not tell whether he was white or Negro. I could not concentrate on the interview for wondering. Finally, when he mentioned the black school he had attended, I was able to categorize him properly. Even then, however, it dawned on me that I was a lot more race conscious than I had ever admitted to myself.

I couldn't teach at Vashon! How dull and unglamorous! I could imagine our five-year class reunion: "Barbara? Oh, yes. She couldn't come. She's a missionary to Africa. Isn't that wonderful! What a great sacrifice." Or: "Barbara? Oh, she was probably ashamed to come. She's teaching English in some dinky little school in St. Louis. Probably couldn't get a job anywhere else."

It was not a very pretty picture, but it was true. My interest in Africa and foreign missions was not really a concern about anyone's soul so much as it was a concern about my own reputation.

My motives were not all bad. I still wanted to help my students overcome academic and personal problems, and hopefully to show them the importance of the Christian faith. But the first day I was at Vashon I realized I was going to have to learn a lot before I could minister to anyone. In the first place, I could not understand my students' language. If a class was "boss," did that mean it was good or bad? If a boy called me "mellow," should I blush or send him to the office?

Soon I was not sure I had much to offer these kids at all. How could I expect a student to study grammar when he had to work from four o'clock to midnight every day as the sole support of his family? How could I ask a girl to go home and read *Seventeenth Summer* when she had to take care of her own baby and three brothers?

For the first time in my life I was confronted by people who not only did not believe in the Christian faith but who had been deeply hurt by people who called themselves Christians. When I tried to talk about Christian beliefs, I met open ridicule from a few, but more disturbing was the almost pitying attitude most took: "You really have delusions about this world, Baby."

But words were not what disturbed me most. What kind of Christian witness could I make when I could not even invite my new black friends to my church—because I knew they would not be welcomed? Instead of representing the faith that set men free, I began to feel that I represented the religion of the white boys who beat up Don and chased him out of the swimming pool.

Knowing all they had suffered at the hands of people who called themselves Christian, I was surprised at the depth of faith of some of my fellow teachers. My department head, whom I had earlier misjudged so badly, was my constant source of inspiration for both educational and spiritual development. Often I would go to her almost in tears, and she would put her arm around me and tell me about her struggles of faith, or explain the background of a child I could not understand.

Others taught me through harshness and brutal honesty. "You were scared silly the first day of class." Tommie Jones loved to rub that in. Tommie was one of my

"You were scared silly the first day of class." Tommie Jones loved to rub that in.

most important teachers. He stayed after school every day to tell me what I had done wrong. "Don't call anyone 'Boy.' Black people are tired of whites not recognizing that they are grown up. And don't be so soft."

The softness did not last. I had always prided myself on being gentle and even-tempered, but I soon found myself reacting to the strains of teaching with sarcasm and vengeful punishments. I was horrfied to find that my students responded better. I realized that they did not just live by the law of the jungle. While they frequently did use cruelty, threats, and sarcasm to defend themselves against each other, there was also within them a strong positive force I was unfamiliar with.

I began to understand it better when I attended a party at one student's home in "the projects," notorious government-built apartment buildings where even police and firemen were afraid to go.

There were nine children in the family and the father was unemployed. At first I was somewhat frightened by the loud music and exuberant dancing, but as I became accustomed to the atmosphere, I was enveloped in the warmth and love that radiated from everyone.

How could 11 people live together in a five-room apartment? But they did! And gradually I realized that the strength my students had which enabled them to live in this world of cruelty and oppression was unconditional love. It is the kind of love which continues whether the loved one lives up to your expectations or not. This kind of love was new to me and I was afraid of it. I had to admit I had never really been in love—and I wasn't sure I had ever loved anyone with love that strong. I had always felt that the man I would marry would have to fit my and my parents' standards of education, religion, and social class. Now I was beginning to realize that *unconditional* love has to be willing to accept imperfection.

My association with black people also helped me understand and accept myself. My white friends often had tried to help me overcome my shyness, but they were afraid to risk our friendship by suggesting ways to change my appearance. My new black friends were willing to share themselves by inviting me to their parties, making subtle suggestions about my clothes, and lavishing compliments on me when I improved. They also showed

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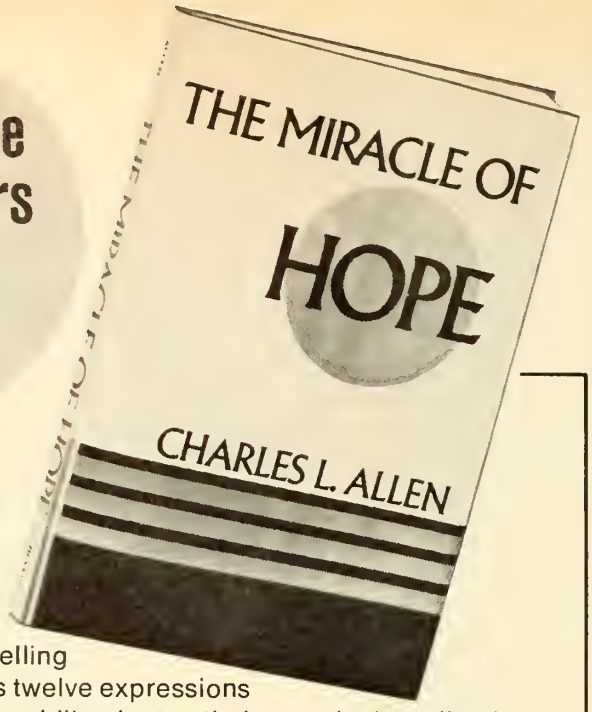

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me that love was worth taking risks for.

During my third year of teaching, I had my first contact with the Black Muslims. I had read a lot about the sect and had heard that they taught that the white man was a devil and would be destroyed. Needless to say, I was nervous to know that at least one of my students believed I was a devil. But his behavior surprised me. Not only was he one of the neatest, most conscientious students, but he also often demonstrated a genuine concern for me.

The appearance of Black Muslims in the class was only one of several signs that things were changing at the school. It was also the beginning of other revelations for me. I had been quite proud at how well I had gotten along. Now I began to discover why. One of only a few white teachers, I had been treated as a fragile pet. For example, I finally noticed that white teachers got rooms of their own while black teachers often had to share rooms.

The day after the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., one of my fellow teachers admitted, "I didn't want to come today. I didn't know if I could stand the sight of a white face."

I was deeply hurt, but my eyes were opened. I began to see the daily injustice in the school system which my fellow teachers suffered under. I saw the psychological pain of my students, always studying about the accomplishments of white people and the ridicule of blacks in most of their textbooks. And as I watched the "natural" hairdos and dashikis begin to appear, I saw the determination of my students to free themselves from the damages done by people who had tried to teach them that God did not create all men in his own image.

Eventually the cry for black studies became a cry for black teachers. One day a militant leader confronted me with their desires to get rid of all white teachers. I was forced to admit that he was right: no white teacher could really understand the sufferings of black people.

So now I am returning to my own race, to teach in a predominantly white high school. After six years of having Vashon High School serve as a missionary to me, I hope I can carry a little of its message to others. □

Where are they now?

IT HAS happened many times around the *Together* office. We would be discussing a new article idea or an issue that had just been printed, and someone would say, "Whatever happened to the minister who did thus-and-so?" or "Did you hear what so-and-so is doing now?" We can't tell you where everyone is now, but we hope you'll enjoy this sampling of folks who, or whose work, appeared in pages past of *Together*. —*Martha A. Lane*

Faith Baldwin, whose first poem was printed in the old *Christian Advocate* when she was "probably 10½—I wrote it on a chocolate box," was an early *Together* contributor. *Thanks for a Happy Heart,* a personal testimony (October, 1958), is a good example of her inspirational writing.

An octogenarian as of October this year, she has written more than 90 books, including novels, children's stories, and poetry. "I do wish the new magazine [*United Methodists Today*] great success," she said.

Together's most regular contributors, of course, have been its staff members. While some left the magazine for entirely new careers, most have continued in journalism. For instance, Paul Friggens, former executive editor, is with *Reader's Digest.* Fred R. Zepp, former managing editor, reports for a Philadelphia newspaper.

John Mack Carter, executive editor for a short time, edits *Ladies' Home Journal.* Mr. Carter also is chairman of the board and editor-in-chief of Downe Communications, Inc. George P. Miller, picture editor for 16 years, edits photos for *America Illustrated,* a United States Information Agency publication. Former associate editor Newman S. Cryer now heads the Indiana Area United Methodist Communications office.

The James Detweilers were chosen Methodist Family of the Year in 1958. Fifteen years later, the Detweilers' pattern of living remains energetic.

Jim, a staff engineer with Lockheed, and Dorothy, who works full time in real estate, are still active in First United Methodist Church of Burbank, Calif. Jim serves as chairman of the board of directors of the Pacific Home of Burbank, a United Methodist-related home for the aged, and is a governor of Goodwill Industries. Dorothy is a director of the YMCA and founding president of the Pacific Home Auxiliary.

The rest of the family has divided and multiplied since we last saw them. Oldest son Doug, an area sales manager for a valve company, lives in Holden, Mass., with his wife, Ingrid, and son, Sean. Jeanie lives in Burbank with husband Bill, a high-school science teacher, Michael, 8, and Shaunna, 5.

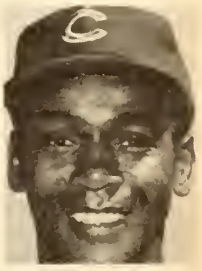
The highlight of 1973 for the elder Detweilers was a trip to Princeton University where their youngest son, Rick, was awarded a Ph.D. in social psychology. Rick's life has been full of firsts since then—his first class as a professor at Drew University (he failed to meet it) and (the reason why) a first baby born the same morning. He and his wife, Carol, and new daughter, Jerusha, live in White Meadow Lake, N.J.

Suné Richards

The oils-on-photograph depictions of Jesus' disciples created by Suné Richards were an instant hit with *Together* readers in October, 1957. So we later printed her series on women of the Bible, children of the Old Testament, and her impression of John the Baptist [see page 46].

Today Suné Richards is pastor of Unity Christ Church, Lakeland, Fla. "Being a minister is the most difficult work I have ever been engaged in—a 24-hour-a-day job," she says. But she loves it! Mrs. Richards still gives inspirational lectures illustrated with her photo-paintings and is working on her eighth series, this one of the patriarchs. How does she relax? By painting "all day long" every Friday at the studio of a friend.

When Ernie Banks, Chicago Cubs' "praying slugger," appeared in May, 1957, as an *Unusual Methodist,* the right-handed shortstop had just been tapped for the All Star Game. Ernie hung up his bat a couple of years ago to become a full-time Cub coach, but he's still out pitching for community groups and young folks.



Missiles and Civilization was the title of Wernher von Braun's October, 1959, article. The eminent scientist and rocket pioneer then was developing army missiles and the Saturn I booster. From 1960 to 1970 Dr. von Braun directed the George C. Marshall Space Flight Center. His assignment: provide Saturn V launch vehicles for NASA's manned lunar landing program, develop Skylab, and begin work on a space shuttle. After two years as NASA's deputy associate administrator, he became Fairchild Industries' vice-president of engineering and development.

"What do you enjoy most about your present work?" we recently asked Dr. von Braun.

"Working for my lovely secretary!"

"What is your church affiliation?"

"Episcopal."

"Do you still believe, as you wrote in *Together* 14 years ago, that 'science has in no way done away with God; it has only broadened the frontiers along which we can see his wonderful works'?"

"I believe it *more than* ever."

Then he pointed out something he

had told a college graduating class: "For me the idea of a creation is not conceivable without invoking the necessity for God. One cannot be exposed to the law and order of the universe without concluding that there must be a Divine Intent behind it all."

Tennessee Ernie Ford was labeled "man of mirth—and faith" when *Together* featured him as an *Unusual Methodist* in June, 1957. "Ol' Ern" is still charming audiences today with his tall tales and his singing. He has sold more than 15 million religious albums alone, making him foremost in the field.

After success in television, Ernie left the sound stage to spend more time with his family, but he returns occasionally now for guest appearances. He maintains close contact with his treasured Tennessee roots as a radio and TV spokesman for a food company in Nashville. But he's still a family man, spending much of his time in Portola Valley, Calif., with his wife of 30 years.

Lester E. Griffith's account of being held for more than a month by Algerian rebels [page 34] was first printed in April, 1959. Soon thereafter he was assigned as a missionary to Belgium, then to Tunisia in North Africa.

"In the autumn of 1962, following Algerian independence, the same men who had held me captive in '58 invited us to return to Algeria to reopen the mountain mission stations that had been occupied by both armies during the fighting," Mr. Griffith writes.

The Griffiths returned to the U.S. in 1970. He now serves the Mulberry Street United Methodist Church of Mount Vernon, Ohio, and continues his mission involvement as conference missionary secretary.

Lifelong Methodist Anna Arnold Hedgeman was the only woman on New York City's mayoral cabinet and that group's only African American ("No hyphen there," she insists. "I'm not a hyphenated American.") when we introduced her to you (*Unusual Methodists,* July 1957). Since then she has held several National Council of Churches positions, was a planner of the March on Washington and of the subsequent organization of Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish power toward the successful passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, and she has traveled widely.

She has participated in international conferences around the globe, interpreting American historical development, education in the U.S., reciprocity for seamen of the world, and the role of women in world affairs.

A current personal concern, Mrs. Hedgeman says, is that the organized church no longer has great impact on society in behalf of people.

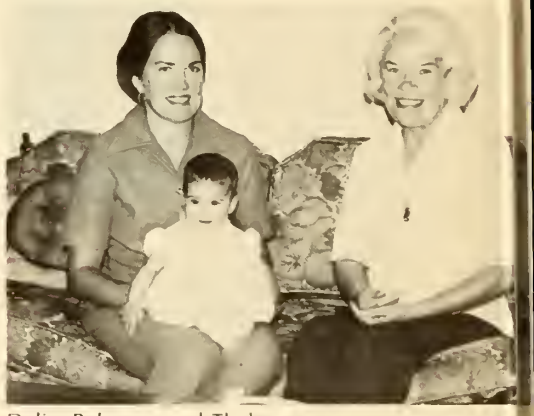
Norman Cousins wrote two articles on the journey of 25 Japanese atomic-bomb blast survivors to the U.S. for plastic surgery and their subsequent return to Japan (*The Hiroshima Maidens Go Home,* October, 1956, and *The Hiroshima Maidens—15 Years Later,* August, 1960).

The Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto, who first thought of sending the girls to America for plastic surgery, pastors the Nagerakawa United Church of Christ of Hiroshima with his wife, Chesa. Dr. Marvin W. Green, the stateside pastor who coordinated U.S. aid for the girls, later helped bring 35 Nazi war-prison "guinea pigs" to the U.S. for medical and psychiatric help. Dr. Green, of the Community United Methodist Church, Kenilworth, N.J., was reunited with some of the "maidens" and the Tanimotos during a 19-day visit to Japan this past summer.

Mr. Cousins, then editor of *The Saturday Review,* was another major figure in making the Japanese girls' trip to the U.S. possible. He resigned from the *Review* late in 1971 in a policy disagreement with *Review*'s new owners, then put out a new biweekly called *World.* The *Review* went bankrupt under its new owners, though, so Norman Cousins has bought back the magazine he edited for 31 years and has merged it with *World.*

Norman Cousins

May, 1960's *People Called Methodists* feature was about Thelma and Delia Inmon, a mother-and-daughter team working a 60,000-acre ranch near Deming, N.M. Delia met and married Tommy Perez while attending New Mexico State University. In 1965 they took over the working end of the Inmon ranch and later bought 20 sections. They had two sons, one of whom died in a fairground accident when only five, and a daughter (pictured here with Delia and Thelma). Delia is active in Farm Bureau Women and has been winning more state and local sewing prizes, as has her mother.



Delia, Rebecca, and Thelma

Thelma has served 12 years on the state board of education since 1960 and made an unsuccessful bid for the state legislature. Last year she retired to Deming, where she continues active in Republican Women's Club and many other things. In 1968 Delia, Tommy, and Thelma were named New Mexico Farm Bureau Family of the Year.

A pictorial in June, 1961, introduced readers to Ramon and Leticia Cernuda and their three children and told how Miami Methodists were helping Cuban refugee families like the Cernudas.

After coming to the U.S., Mr. Cernuda, who owned a furniture store and factory in Cuba, was hired by Sears Roebuck and sent to Puerto Rico. His second Sears transfer was to Lincolnwood, Ill. (a Chicago suburb). Now he is managing a Sears store in Lima, Peru. .

Bart Starr at Rawhide Boys Ranch

For the first time in his career, Bart Starr, Green Bay Packers great, is second-guessing the quarterback from the stands. When he was in *Together* (November, 1963), he was the National Football League's top passer and chairman of Wisconsin's Easter Seals drive. Now he's in the business world—automobile dealerships; a motel complex; and his new company, Bart Starr Distributors (sports merchandise, of course).

His favorite community project is Rawhide Boys Ranch near New London, Wis., which gives leadership training to young men needing a second chance.

Bart's immediate aim, we hear, is to improve his golf game so that young Bart can quit giving him strokes!

The Rush Gordon family

The October, 1966, issue saw the Rush Gordon family of Meridian, Miss., featured as *People Called Methodists*. Rush was carrying trays in a cafeteria when a man, impressed by his work, offered him a better job. He took it—and became the only full-time employee for the Cullom Sign Company. Mrs. Gordon—Ruth—was pianist for three United Methodist churches and directed a youth choir. The Gordon sons were two, eight, and ten.

Today Rush works in the wire-bound division of General Box Company. He still is lay leader of his local church, Wesley Chapel.

Ruth gave up her piano work to care for her mother-in-law who now lives with them. She also works full time, is secretary of Wesley Chapel's United Methodist Women, and is a leader in area youth work.

Sons Joseph and David are in high school and working part time, while Paul is in the fourth grade and is "always ready for something to happen."

Jesse Stuart—novelist, poet, short-story writer, lecturer, teacher here and abroad, writer of nonfiction—has appeared several times in *Together* (*What America Means to Me,* July, 1960; *How Christmas Came to Nowhere Hills,* December, 1961; *What College Meant to Me,* June, 1962; *Sounds on the April Wind,* April, 1971). Jesse and his wife, Deane, still live in their beloved W-Hollow, site of many of his stories, in the Kentucky hill country near Greenup. His latest book, *The Land Beyond the River,* is a novel set in Ohio.

Three heart attacks have caused Mr. Stuart to cut down on lectures and travel. But this year alone he still wrote three books and about 20 stories. That's in addition to supervising his 1,000-acre W-Hollow farm, being chairman of the administrative board of the local United Methodist church, celebrating his 66th birthday, and enjoying his young grandsons.

The Stuarts' daughter, Jane, by the way, also is a talented writer.

Harry Denman was general secretary of the Methodist Board of Evangelism when he wrote *What Prayer Means to Me* (April, 1959) and *What Aldersgate Means to Me* (May, 1963). He retired from that position in 1965 but still continues his lay-evangelism activities. When we contacted him recently, for instance, he was preparing to go to a Christian *ashram* in Indiana.

We've come to quickly recognize Harry Denman's handwriting here in the office. He frequently sends us article ideas and personal words of encouragement—both of which are appreciated.

"Jesus did not practice apathy but empathy," Dr. Denman wrote us recently. "He told a story about the priest of Judaism and the Levite who was chairman of the social-concerns commission practicing apathy—but the Samaritan showed empathy with his deeds of love. God is love; Christ is the Son of Love. The Holy Spirit gives us power to love all persons. The church is a body of obedient lovers—our love must be seen."

It is said of Harry Denman that we may never see his like again. He continues to practice what he preaches, carrying the gospel of love and prayer throughout the land.

Paul Dietzel

Remember the October, 1961, *People Called Methodists* piece on Paul Dietzel, football coach of Louisiana State University's Tigers? After LSU he went to the U.S. Military Academy, then to the University of South Carolina, where he now is head football coach and director of athletics. Paul is involved with the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, has written two books, and is a deacon in Columbia's First Baptist Church. Whether on or off the field, he always has advice for young people. For example:

"If you spend your hours reading the readily available smut or gazing at *X*-rated movies, then that will occupy your mind. Likewise, if your

quiet moments are spent studying and assimilating God's Word, then his tenets will probably be reflected in your life." Hundreds of athletes have followed the coach's advice.

Leroy Gordon Cooper was an air force major preparing for an 18-orbit mission (the longest flight to date then) when he appeared in the April, 1963, *Unusual Methodists* department. He retired from NASA after becoming a colonel and piloting *Faith 7* on 22 trips around the earth in 1963, then *Gemini V* on 120 orbits in 1965. He was on the backup crews for both *Gemini XII* and *Apollo X*. His new business is Gordon Cooper and Associates, Inc., based in Miami Beach, Fla.

Cooper (cen.) and fellow astronauts, 1963

She had been a specialist in anesthesiology for 30 years, a specialist in birth defects for 3 years, when *Together* introduced Dr. Virginia Apgar as an *Unusual Methodist* in July, 1961. She headed the National Foundation-March of Dimes' division of congenital malformations then, is now vice-president of medical affairs.

Dr. Apgar is perhaps best known for the Apgar Score, a procedure she developed for examining a baby in its first minute of life. The information thus gained makes possible a rapid prognosis of infants' survival chances, thereby saving many lives.

Internationally famous, Dr. Apgar has won dozens of awards. Last May, alone, she was the first woman to receive the Alumni Gold Medal for Distinguished Achievement in Medicine from the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, was named Woman of the Year in Science and Research by a *Ladies' Home Journal* jury on a CBS-TV special, and two other awards.

Dr. Virginia Apgar

"When someone asks what I do all day, I really don't know how to answer," Dr. Apgar wrote on August 13. "Since June 1, I have been on a South American junket to Buenos Aires, Santiago, and Caracas; to Boulder, Colo., for a March of Dimes meeting of teen-age leaders; to Pontiac, Mich., to speak to a group of state health-department nurses; and to five other similar meetings. Next week I go to Norway for a short vacation, then to Vienna, Yugoslavia, and Berlin."

Dr. Apgar continues as an active member of the Tenafly (N.J.) United Methodist Church. She still enjoys both making and playing stringed instruments, gardening, photography, and stamp collecting.

Welthy Honsinger Fisher, widow of Methodist Bishop Frederick Bohn Fisher of Calcutta, India, most recently appeared in *Together* in June, 1967 *(She Lights the Lamp of Learning)*. She was 72 when she decided to return to India to establish a literacy program that soon was studied and copied by developing countries around the globe.

After two decades at her Literacy House (sponsored by World Education, New York), Mrs. Fisher retired to the U.S. this year—at 93 years of age. She was visited by many Indian dignitaries prior to her departure, including longtime friend Indira Gandhi. Her trip home included an 11-day stop in China where 67 years earlier she was headmistress of a girls school. At home in Southbury, Conn., she has given several lectures and is busy planning a 1974 return trip to China.

Dr. James W. Turpin was likened to the late Dr. Tom Dooley in an April, 1967, color pictorial. He and his wife, Mollie, had founded Project Concern, a nonsectarian, nonprofit, medical-aid organization, in 1961. The article told of his work among the poor in war-torn Viet Nam and refugee-clogged Hong Kong. Since then, his wife has become a doctor; Project Concern has spread to Mexico, Ethiopia, Guatemala, Indonesia, and two localities in the U.S.—Appalachia and the Navajo country of the Southwest; and two of his four children seem headed for medical careers.

After a year's work in Appalachia, Mollie is now a psychiatric resident at Emory University in Atlanta, Ga. Jim, at this writing, will continue the mountain program until physician replacements can be found.

Dr. Turpin describes some of his happiest experiences as: "Realizing the health and well-being improvements that have taken place in the canyons of Tijuana, Tuyen Duc Province in South Viet Nam, the typhoon shelters and other neighborhoods of Hong Kong, and the establishment of our first domestic project in the mountains of Tennessee.

"I must say, and I speak personally, of course, that for me Project Concern is evidence of my Christian convictions," Dr. Turpin also told us. "I truly believe that this is 'church work' of a most specific and meaningful type."

Dr. James W. Turpin

Among those left homeless in the aftermath of riots on Chicago's West Side following Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s assassination were members of the Mark Sadler family (*A Ghetto Family: Victims of Violence*, July, 1968).

Another tragedy rocked the Sadlers in 1970 when their 15-year-old son committed suicide. But there have been bright moments, too, such as Mary Ann and Mark, Jr., graduating from high school. She now works for the phone company and he is in the air force.

"We were burned out for about 18 days before we found a place—a

Chicago Housing Authority apartment," Mrs. Sadler tells us. "Recently we moved to Indiana Avenue [in Chicago] and started to buy an eight-room house. That is one of the best things that's happened to me since the fire."

Although Mark still drives trucks, this does not provide him with steady employment and the future of that house is in question after a temporary layoff this spring caused a backlog of bills. The Sadlers are now trying to catch up on house payments, but high prices of food and other necessities threaten their success.

The Sadlers are active in a Missionary Baptist church.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sadler

We end our revisit to people in pages past of *Together* by sharing a condensation of a short article which appeared in February, 1961, and a letter which we received 12 years later. The article, *The Wedge of Love*, appeared under the name Anne Cole, a pseudonym the author asked us to use. Here is the text:

AT SEVEN one morning, hands without a body prepared me for surgery. At five that evening, the same hands gently brushed damp hair from my eyes just as I began to see the world again. Next to my husband's haggard face I saw another, beautiful but blurred, whose name I did not know.

Vaguely, sometime during the hours that followed, I heard the voice of my surgeon: "Get a special nurse." Then Jim's foggy-edged answer: "If we have to." And I thought only one word: *Money.*

Immediately I heard a voice which I knew belonged to the love in those eyes: "I'll stay." And the word *money* fled from my mind.

About six the next morning, I really saw Helen for the first time. "Are you still here?" I mumbled. She wet my lips and whispered, "Now, don't you worry. I've been sleeping here by your bed."

At seven o'clock she went on floor duty once again.

For days I cannot recall, she continued to alternate her unpaid special duty and a job that supported her mother and a four-year-old son.

At first, when Jim came for his evening visits, Helen disappeared. But when she returned with my eight o'clock juice and we found she brought laughter and joy besides the tinkling glass, we begged her to stay. That hour and a half began to be the focal point of my day.

Then one morning, just as had happened twice before, I had to admit that my back was failing to heal. I had awakened before dawn to an empty room. Helen's chair sat close beside the bed, a rumpled pillow in one corner. I tried to move and then I knew. Not again!

The door opened. Helen came in, a coffee cup in her outstretched hand. Then she saw the despair in my eyes. The cup fell to the floor, bounced, and rolled beneath the bed.

Silently she cleaned the floor and fluffed my pillow. Then she said softly, "Anne, God has a reason." Nothing more.

For days I hunted for that reason while I hid once more inside my shell and hurt Helen with my snubs of reality. I became more morose than ever; Helen became even more loving. She put the telephone beside me and suggested I use it. "You're getting out of touch with the world." I ignored it and her.

She suggested to the doctor that the No Visitors sign on my door did more harm than good. So I had visitors by the dozens.

Then one day the doctor said: "Anne, I think we might get a fusion if we tried once again. We'd use live bone—not yours or any from the bone bank as we did before."

"No," I answered, and turned my head to the wall. I heard Helen's sharp breath, but I didn't care.

All that day, Helen met my visitors with, "They're going to do another fusion, this time using live bone."

Each visitor asked, "Where will they get the bone?"

My sister asked. My husband asked. I didn't ask. I didn't care.

As Helen tucked me in that night, she paused and said, "Anne, you can have my bone."

The others had asked, "Where will they get the bone?" Helen, who had known me only a short while, had answered. I could find neither words nor voice to express my gratitude. My eyes filled with tears, but words would not come.

Then she turned my face toward hers, and tears welled from beneath her lids. "Anne, my bone is just as white as yours."

I gasped. Of course I had noticed, but at that moment I first consciously realized that Helen and I belonged to different races . . .

Today I walked across the floor and remembered Helen once again. And tomorrow when I walk, I will again be thankful to her wedge of love that supports me.

The letter, datelined Tulsa, Okla., February 9, 1973, came from "Anne Cole." She wrote:

"Helen, the nurse in the story, has just died at the age of 39—from exhaustion. Is it possible to reprint my article as a tribute to her?

"I sincerely believe that it means more now than it did 12 years ago, and I ache to do something to perpetuate her memory. If you wish, you may now use both of our real names. Hers was Ruby Guyton. Mine is Helen Parkinson."

In many ways, *The Wedge of Love* represents what *Together* has been about for 17 years—about life and death, faith and fear, love and indifference, everyday problems and God-devised solutions, people learning to love each other regardless of attitude or race or social position.

We hope that *Together*'s successor, *United Methodists Today*, too, will encourage you to be Christ's "wedges of love" to those among whom you live. □

Prayer for Earth

In the beginning, Lord, you gave us this garden Earth.

Out of its deep waters came life. Then you provided air, and life pushed upward. It crept upon the wet land and then the dry land.

You made man in your own image, Lord, to stand up and to have dominion. To watch plants grow and birds fly and streams flow. To feed upon the life-giving goodness which you put here for our sustenance.

You placed us here to plant, cultivate, and harvest—to rule and manage. What a trust you put into our hands! We managed, we built, we used what was here.

Yes, we wasted. But everything seemed so limitless, Lord. Air without bounds, water clear and everflowing, forests primeval, richness in Earth's bowels to be exploited for our comfort and our progress.

With what you put into our hands, Lord, we have built skyscrapers and monuments and automobiles. And tombstones. We fly in the skies, even thrust to the moon and beyond to satisfy curiosity and prove what man can do.

We thought there always would be enough for future generations. What little thought we gave it as we mined and manufactured and engineered!

Wastes ooze into precious waters: Why do your rains not wash the rivers clean?

Murky clouds hover over our cities, obscuring skylines: Are your winds not strong enough to take away the jet exhaust, the auto fumes, the stack smoke?

We scrape mountainsides away: Will not the lush green return next spring?

Your prophets told us to be fruitful and multiply, to fill the earth and have dominion. But now there are so many of us! And getting to be more.

What shall we do now, Lord?

—Newman S. Cryer

An Ending... A Beginning

THIS Collector's Edition of *Together* is published as a tribute to you, the readers who have supported the magazine faithfully, and to the editors and staff who have served you with dedication, perception, and purpose. This is the final issue of *Together*. Next month you—and we hope many new subscribers—will receive the first issue of *United Methodists Today*, a new digest-size magazine for the general membership of our church.

Together first appeared in October, 1956. In terms of volume it reached its peak of service when 1,218,000 copies of the special issue on the 175th anniversary of Methodism [November, 1959] were mailed to homes and churches across America and abroad. Now, 17 years since it began, the magazine's circulation has declined to less than 250,000.

In the 17 years since 1956, United Methodism as a whole has become smaller in relation to American society. Church membership is down approximately 2 percent. Church-school membership is down 30 percent. The U.S. population, in contrast, is up 24 percent.

For everything there is a season, and we dare not dwell in the past. The time has come to rethink our magazine publishing program. We have done this with the help of readers like yourself and with the counsel of professional journalists of national reputation. The consensus is that your spiritual interest, your time, your concerns will best be served by a publication new in form, content, and purpose. That is our goal for *United Methodists Today*.

The future unquestionably will bring change, and for many it will come with painful speed. Communication, as always, will be a major force for change. One grim prospect for the future is the potential for opinion manipulation through overzealous control of the channels of communication. The church will thrive and grow only through constructive communication, the free exchange of ideas, cross-ventilating discussions of the great moral issues of our times, and the kind of compassionate understanding that is aware of, but not bound by, yesterday's traditions.

Concurrent with the appearance of *United Methodists Today*, a broadened effort to serve United Methodist pastors will begin in the form of a special edition of the new general magazine. The *Today's Ministry* edition will include news and features of particular interest to church leaders. The General Board of Publication has authorized the publisher to provide complimentary subscriptions for *United Methodists Today* and *Today's Ministry* to all United Methodist pastors. *Christian Advocate*, with a publishing history dating back to 1826, will make its last appearance in 1973. It has served the clergy of our denomination since 1956.

As envisioned by the editors, *United Methodists Today* will be a "personal" kind of magazine, both in content and in format. Through articles and pictorials about our local congregations and their people, it will help United Methodists to know each other better. And in dealing with issues important to Christians in the 1970s, it will help readers to know themselves better. It will be direct and to the point, sometimes humorous, sometimes serious, often brief. Fine photography and latest printing techniques will make it colorful and appealing.

One other thing: Only as its message is exposed to many people can *United Methodists Today* achieve its goal of service to our church. For exposure, circulation, we are counting on friends like you.

John E. Trotter

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An outstanding tour leader, Rev. Stratton is presently Pastor of the United Methodist Church, Enon, Ohio. He formerly served pastorates in New York and Virginia and currently is the Church's Education Director for Ohio's Springfield District. Rev. Stratton's expertise assures everyone on our Methodist tours of excellent and untiring service.

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A member of the staff of the Division of Higher Education of the Board of Education of the United Methodist Church, Dr. Geier is director of the Office of Information and Publications for the Division. A noted author and professor, he has conducted Methodist Tours to the Caribbean, Hawaii and Alaska to the great enoyment of all.

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